OVER A MILLION AND A HALF PEOPLE READ THE LEDGER EACH WEEK
WHY? BECAUSE IT IS THE BEST STORY PAPER IN THE UNITED STATES

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

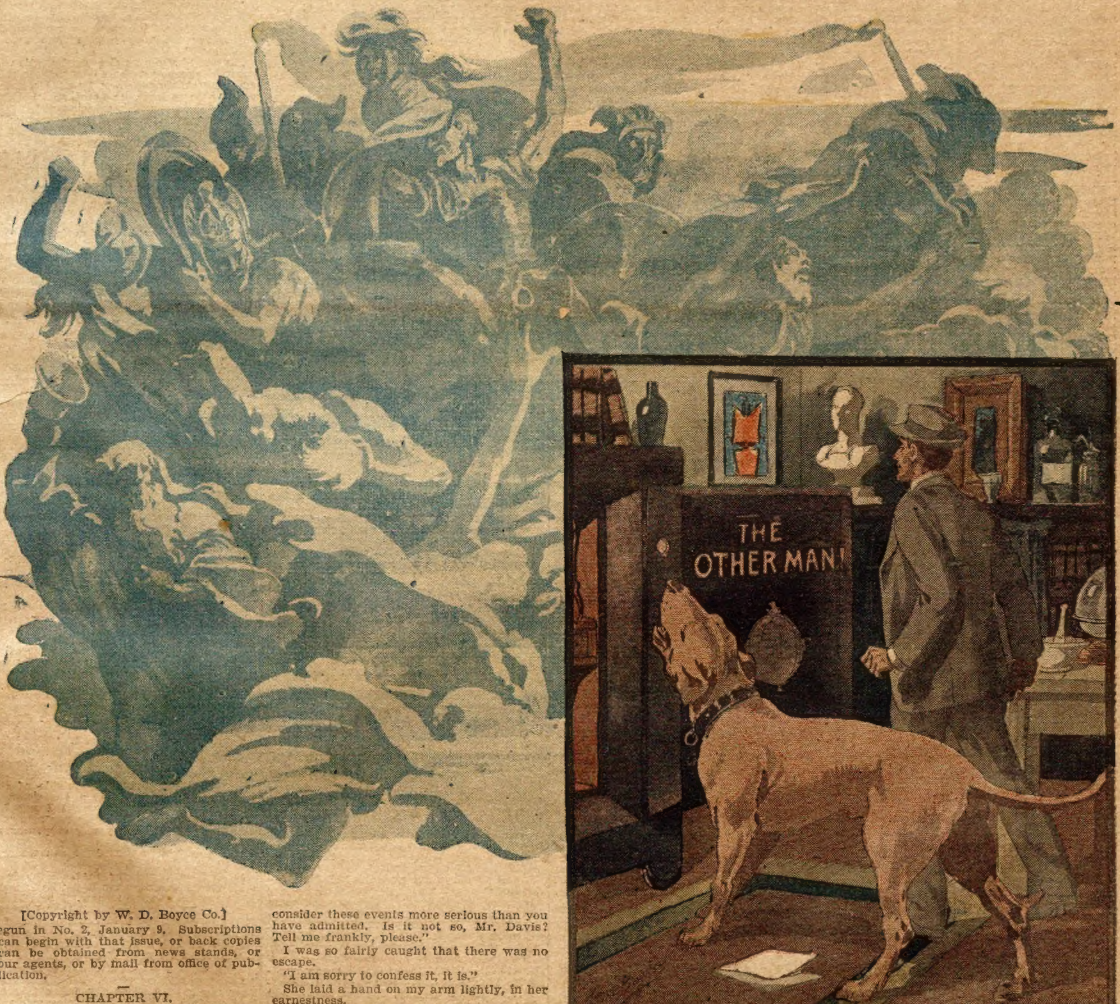
Wm J Hemmers
1813 No 16th st
Chicago

VOL. XXXVII. NO. 3.( ) CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1909. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

THE TIDE OF THE MYSTIC

A Detective Story of Weird and Thrilling Experiences

By XENO W. PUTNAM


THE OTHER MAN!

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 2, January 9. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

—

CHAPTER VI.
A MIDNIGHT INTERVIEW.

FOR the second time that day, under disturbing nerve strain, I faced Miss Wycliff. Somewhat chagrined by my own excitement, I said rather sheepishly:

"You see, the events of the past few hours have shaken my nerves a little and inclined me to take no chances. I trust that under the circumstances you will——"

She stopped me with a gesture of her hand.

"I see," she answered gently, "that you consider these events more serious than you have admitted. Is it not so, Mr. Davis? Tell me frankly, please."

I was so fairly caught that there was no escape.

"I am sorry to confess it, it is."

She laid a hand on my arm lightly, in her earnestness.

"And that you consider the incident of the safe a very important one?"

"In itself, no; but it indicates that whatever danger ever existed here in the past still exists."

"And that there is still another whom it is the purpose of this agency to make away with?"

She looked me in the eye so squarely that I felt any attempt at further concealment would defeat its object.

"I am afraid so; yes. Miss Wycliff, it is idle to keep the truth from you any longer. I believe you are in danger, possibly great danger; in fact, I am going to urge you to go away from here to some safer place until I have time to ferret this mystery out, or, as I see from your look you will never consent to do this, to be under constant guard night and day. You took a great risk, I am afraid, in coming here alone at this hour of the night, one that I beg of you not to repeat. Since you are here, though, I am tempted to presume a little further upon your endurance, if you feel sure that you have the strength, and make some inquiries now, that I had intended to postpone until tomorrow."

She was a little pale, but quite composed as she answered:

"Any question that you wish to ask me you had better ask tonight," then added quickly, with a wan smile, "my strength, I think, you will generally find commensurate with the strain that necessity puts upon it."

"First of all, then, did you notice last night, before leaving your father, any change in the air, any particular odor?"

"None whatever."

"Or when you returned?"

"I did not; but you must remember that I was hardly in a condition to notice anything of that sort."

"Not to notice its absence, probably; still, I think its presence would have attracted your attention and that my question would have recalled the memory of it. I think the air must have been normal, or nearly so. Now, with regard to this missing assistant, Maxwell, I have a few questions to ask."

She put up her hand with a protesting gesture. "That brings up my reason for returning here tonight. You asked me today if there was any unusual incident in my past life which might have a bearing on this case. There is one thing which I did not mention, because it is painful to me, and I really did not think it could have any bearing, but it might, and a very important one, if any at all. May I ask you to write down the points that interest you—the story will be rather long and as complete as I can make it—then please never mention the subject to me again."

I bowed and reached for notebook and pencil.

"How stupid of me," I exclaimed impatiently. "I left it in the pocket of my outer coat at the foot of the stairs. If you don't mind I will just run down for it; I promise you that I will not leave the stairway unguarded for a single instant, or, perhaps—hadn't you better come along with me?"

"It is hardly necessary, I think, in that case. There is nothing here to harm me and only the one way of approach. You will be back directly?"

"At once." I took a parting survey of the room in every nook. Some great secret dread, so thoroughly had I become impressed with the sinister character of the place, made me foolishly afraid to leave her there even for a single instant.

Convinced that I was now about to hear something that would give me the clew I needed so much, and confident that the story would in some way be connected with Maxwell, I ran down the stairway, lighted only by the chandeliers above and the lamps in the living room below, where sat the young carpenter and the two women, the latter too nervous to retire.

Somebody had moved my coat, and rather than step from the doorway, which I guarded, I asked the young man to get it for me, adding by way of apology:

"You see, I am determined that no one, however desperate or supple, will get up this stairway tonight without my knowing it."

Hardly had the words left my lips, when there came from above a shriek so full of agony and mortal terror that for an instant every drop of blood froze in my veins. With a shout of reassurance, I went bounding up the stairway, closely followed by the young carpenter and the two frightened women. Another cry of agony, this time Miss Wycliff's voice without mistake, came down to us; a cry so pressing in its anguish that I gave back a yell of threatening defiance:

"Stop, brute! Assassin! Fiend! Whatever you have done or do, there is no escape for you tonight. Your only avenue of retreat is blocked and you will be dealt with as you now deal with your victim!"

Never in all my life before or since did the desire to murder enter my heart as it did that night, to clutch that miscreant by the throat and tear him into pieces. Once more Miss Wycliff's cry for help rang out, this time a little muffled. The four of us had reached the hallway and were rushing toward the room from which her cries had unmistakably issued—and the next instant we were in utter darkness.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE SILENT WATCHES.

The sudden and unexpected change from brilliant light to that horrible midnight, rendered me helpless for an instant and uncertain what to do, but the screams of the frightened women soon restored my scattered wits. "Close up across the hallway, all of you," I shouted, "and strike to the heart whoever or whatever tries to pass you in the darkness. Take notice Miss Wycliff, any one who hears me, do not undertake to force a passage down this hallway till I have a light, for any one who tries will be killed without mercy!"

Convinced that no one could escape without our knowledge, and that, whatever Miss Wycliff's fate had already been—her failure to answer me filling me with the gravest apprehension regarding her—her assailant was now at bay before us and at any time likely to begin a murderous attack, I groped about the walls for the electric button with both hands. As suddenly as the place had been turned into midnight I now turned it into day, at the same time raising my revolver, ready to fire in an instant. It was certain that our mysterious enemy, with his previous crimes staring him in the face, would make a desperate resistance to arrest; probably it would be necessary to shoot him or them down like so many wild animals on sight.

There, in the hallway, trembling, but with hands outstretched to close the passage, stood the two women, their faces livid with terror; in front of them, with an open knife in his hand and a look of determination on his face, the young carpenter; but we were quite alone. Miss Wycliff had disappeared! A swift glance around revealed no new openings in the wall. The only one that existed was the one we blocked—had it been ineffectually?

"Watch here a moment," I commanded, "or fall back to the stairway, if you wish, but do not for an instant lose sight of this arch."

Revolver in hand, I rushed below and searched the rest of the house. The rooms were as we left them, every door and window fastened from within and, so far as I could see, there were no hiding places which escaped me. The basement and laboratory I left undisturbed for the time. The door seemed to be locked as I had left it, and there was other work to do. The carpenter above was searching every foot of space while the two women stood where we had left them, ready to give quick alarm if even a shadow entered or left the library unauthorized.

I bolted the door behind me on ascending the stairs again, cutting off all possible retreat in that direction; then we four again searched the walls, that only a few hours before Miss Wycliff and I had searched so thoroughly together for a secret opening, and with the same fruitless results. Ah, what would I not have given for a minute's talk with her now; with any of those victims who had learned, too late, the source from which the danger came!

In mad desperation I ran down the stairway, returning presently with a heavy sledge that I had noticed below. With this I went smashing about the room determined, if there was a spot which had been weakened by a secret passage, to break the concealing wall to atoms. My efforts were in vain. When I desisted from sheer weariness the carpenter took up the sledge and his terrific blows were seemingly enough to smash the solid walls. His search was as fruitless as my own in both hall and library.

"We will tear the accursed place down," I declared, "before we quit the search," and emptied the chambers of a revolver against the crystal sides of the room. The several bullets dropped flattened to the floor, the polished surface as unbroken as ever. Even the inanimate walls defied us.

An hour later we had overturned the contents of all the living rooms without the slightest clew. Only one place remained, the basement laboratory. With the others pressing about me I drew back the heavy bolt. The first glance around revealed no change; nothing different from what had been there when Miss Wycliff and I left it hours before. A second glance sent the blood to my heart in a sudden chill, although the incident itself was unimportant. No one but myself had access to that room through any of the visible openings, (for the dust on the window-sill was undisturbed and the webs unbroken) but the safe door that we left wide open was now closed. There was not an opening in the room for a draught to enter and the door was heavy; the wind could not possibly have closed it. A further investigation proved that it was locked. Nothing else had been disturbed, but the consciousness that some fell presence was abroad which could pass at will through bolted doors and carry its victims away through solid walls without a trace, chilled me with horror, and for the first time I began to grow discouraged and sick at heart.

At that instant the carpenter spoke to me in a voice low and impressive in its distinctness, which thrilled me like an uncanny thing.

"Look there!" he exclaimed, pointing with his finger. I did not need to follow its direction, but with hand striving to raise the revolver that was fast slipping from my grasp, stood watching the safe door swing slowly open of its own accord until its whole interior was disclosed.

A few hours before it had been entirely empty, now a solitary paper lay in a conspicious place. Though dreading to touch it as some ghostly thing, the instincts of the detective prevailed over superstition and I picked it up just as the safe door began to close as mysteriously as it had opened. With one glance at the paper I dropped into the nearest chair, actually faint with the horror of the place. It was the very one I had myself left on the table in the library above, only a few minutes before tonight's tragedy.

The panic of collapse soon yielded to the calmness of absolute despair. Without the least emotion I revealed to the others the nature of my discovery; there was unmistakably some mysterious connection between the laboratory and the library above. What? The carpenter was foremost in the search, his stout nerve still undisturbed and his professional pride aroused to fathom the mystery that had been so skilfully concealed by the embellishments of his own calling. His eye, familiar with the rules of architectural construction, would detect anything unusual sooner than mine, but search as we would, his best art failed him. Still he would not desist. With a supreme contempt for every supernatural suggestion, he measured dimension after dimension, both above and below with a coolness that astonished me.

Was it really possible that some desperate ruffian had escaped through our very midst in the confusion and darkness? It did not seem reasonable, and that left but two assumptions; either there was some secret opening from library or hall, or else we must attribute the whole occurrence to some power beyond the ken of human mind to stem or fathom. Only the first supposition left anything for us to investigate, so, with that in view, we plied our measurements with mathematical exactness, the two trembling women remaining with us from very fright, and rendering considerable aid.

We quickly learned that the laboratory was not, as I had supposed, directly under the library, but at one side, the safe, as nearly as we could calculate, standing directly under the entrance between library and hall. Outside the tower seemed to have been carried down to bed rock with no further built-up masonry than was necessary to secure a level foundation. For what purpose then, was the space between the library floor and this rock foundation utilized? That could only be determined by the help of workmen and must go over into tomorrow's task.

The young carpenter, it seemed to me, was working too rapidly and unhesitatingly not to have some definite theory in view, and I finally asked him if this were not true. He seemed rather pleased at my observation. Yes, he had a theory; one that was borne out by so many of the facts that he would now place it in my hands. Then, after thinking deeply for a minute he said:

"I want to confirm our measurements and calculations by some fact; for instance, we will try by experiment just how nearly over this safe the upper doorway is. Just watch for my tapping on the ceiling here, then I'll be with you in a moment."

He caught up the hammer we had been using and went trotting up the stairway. I called to him sharply, having determined not on any account to let our little party get divided again that night. He either did not hear me, or his will was quite as firm as his nerves. I presently heard, very faintly through the heavy tile, the rat-tat-tat of his hammer directly over the rear edge of the safe. Our measurements were verified.

He kept up this hammering for a little space, doubtless to make sure I had had time to get it located; then the tapping ceased and immediately afterward we were startled by three pistol shots fired in rapid succession. Together the three of us rushed above and reached the upper stairway in time to hear a muffled exclamation as of some one either suffocating or in the midst of violent exertion.

With a shout I rushed along the hallway—again too late. The sudden darkness came upon us for a minute; then, when it was lifted by my own hand touching the electric button, we saw—we three who still remained—an empty room with all its furnishings as we had recently left it, and that was all.

This double mystery, this more than tragedy, piling up as it did, upon so many other horrors, was more than human nerves could stand, and with a simultaneous cry of fright, the three of us rushed in utter panic down the stairway, out of the accursed place.

Even in that moment of excitement, so insistently does the training of previous years prevail, I noticed one remarkable thing; although three pistol shots had been so recently fired in that closed room, not a trace of smoke or powder fumes remained. The ventilating system was indeed wonderful.

Already the stars were paling outside, and, convinced that further effort until daybreak would be as useless as it would be dangerous, I turned my attention to the two trembling women and hurried them to the village. Even there one other shock was yet to follow me. Unable to divest my mind of this mystery, even for a moment of rest, I drew from my pocket the paper—Prof. Wycliff's last message—which I had so strangely lost and recovered once that night. Almost the first glance at it drew from me a cry of consternation.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN THE TIDE SHALL EBB.

Below the professor's message that I had read until every word of it was familiar, I now saw in the same hand the added words:

When the tide goes out——

The sentence had been left unfinished, evidently because of some sudden interruption. Then it flashed upon me—what interruption, or rather, what opportunity had there been for any one, from the time I left that paper on the library table until I found it in the safe, to add these words or any words at all? Indeed, I even knew they had not been there when I took the paper from the safe. They must have been added while it was in my pocket!

What occult power was this? I flung the document from me in a panic of horror; then, my professional instincts once more in control, recovered it and placed it in my coat again. It might prove of the greatest value in the case.

The incident determined my next step. My strange warning had directed me to call for aid if the time came that I really needed it. If ever mortal needed counsel I needed it at that time, and, day having by this time fully broke, I set off down the road from the village toward Grampton to wire my brother a message, and at the same time obtain a few breaths of pure air that was unpoisoned by this ether of mystery.

My message sent, I loitered about the station awaiting the answer, although feeling that every moment of daylight wasted was like robbing the dead. The answer came more quickly than I dreamed. Ten minutes after my telegram had gone, the morning train, for once on time, pulled into the station and as it stopped, there stepped from it—my brother Charlie.

"You got my word that I was coming, I suppose," he said, as soon as I had greeted him. "I got yours about eleven o'clock last night, so, you see, it was only by the skin of my teeth that I caught the train and I had to depend upon the boy to send my answer. How are you, anyway, old man? You're looking rocky. How have you been making it? I guessed from your message that you were having rather strenuous times."

Ignoring the rest of his remarks I dropped into a seat beside him and questioned:

"Did—did I understand you to say that you got a message from me last night?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"Because I did not send one."

"Here it is."

I glanced it over in amazement.

"Charlie—Come at once. Two tragedies tonight under my very eyes, but unseen. I am helpless, in great danger; come. Your brother FRANK."

"If this is a fake, then I may as well catch the return train."

"No, Charlie, it is not a fake. It is every word true, although I never sent it. Not fifteen minutes ago I sent you one similar, but not this." Then a sudden thought struck me. "You say you got this about eleven o'clock last night?"

Was there to be no end to this strange thing? The message had been delivered to him more than an hour before the first of the two tragedies mentioned in it had occurred. Again came that dark suspicion; were he and I both being drawn into some hidden trap? Might I not myself have been one of the intended victims of the previous night and this summons to my brother been sent to entice him into the place I vacated, for the next victim? Was this thing some hidden, hideous monster that devoured human flesh and required this replenishment of its awful larder? The station master happened along and, clutching his sleeve, I handed him the message.

"Who sent this out last night?"

"No one from here. A tree fell on our wires a mile or two out and put them all out of commission. We sent no messages last night, for the very good reason, that we could not."

He must have seen the consternation that passed between us, for, coming closer to me, as if uncertain whether I would want my companion to hear, he questioned:

"How is it, anyway, up yonder?"

To save my life, I could not answer him for a moment, the thought of all that had happened overwhelming me.

"What! Nothing more? Nothing serious, I hope. There hasn't anything happened to her; nor to Jack?"

I bowed my head in silent misery.

"Which? To which, sir? To whom did it happen?"

"To both."

The sudden consternation in the man's face convinced me that he possessed something more than a neighborly interest in the case, and summoning my own self-control, I laid a firm hand on his shoulder.

"Your interest in this case is evidently very great and personal. Will you kindly explain why?"

"Jack was my only son. Is there no hope? Do you believe that he is dead? Was that one of the two tragedies of which the message spoke?"

Something about the man won my confidence, and a glance at Charlie drew from him a confirming nod. As telegraph operator he might be a valuable ally, worth the trouble of enlisting. I sat down on a bench and told the outline of the story, reserving certain details and theories for my brother's ears alone.

Leaving the stricken man, reassured as much as was possible for me to reassure him, in the hands of his friends, and the station in charge of his associate, I drew my brother up the road which led back into this network of tragic occurrences.

"What is your honest opinion of the case?" he finally asked me, after we were clear of the station.

"Unfortunately I haven't been able to formulate a single theory."

"Then you are still unhampered in your judgment by any prejudices?"

"And undirected by any well-defined purpose."

"True; but it is usually easier to acquire the purpose than to escape the prejudice. You are better equipped, for a case of this sort, than you realize, by your very uncertainty. For this is evidently a departure from all the conventional forms of crime known to our profession, so theory in advance of the discovered facts is worse than useless. I almost wish I had let Blakeley stop off with me."

I stopped short in the road. "Was Blakeley on that train?"

"Yes; we rode down together. He went on to Russell."

Blakeley, of all officers outside of story books, was my ideal of a successful detective; and oh, what would I not have given to have had him by my side when that poor girl or the young carpenter was taken!

"In heaven's name, where can we reach him?"

"Oh, I arranged for that. Here is his address for the next ten days; he is taking his vacation now, you know. I told him all I knew about this case, and that I thought it possible you were in hot water, and we both might be on shaky ground—or under it—very soon. We can have him here on almost an hour's notice."

I copied the address, relieved many per cent by the information. A half-mile further along we noticed the fallen tree that had made havoc with the telegraph wires the previous night, a great oak turned out by the roots.

"Did you have a heavy wind last evening?"

"None at all."

He looked at me meaningly. "Let us just run over and take a look at that tree."

I followed him rather gingerly across the stretch of plowed land. One of the line poles had been crushed under it and still lay more than half-concealed by the partially wilted foliage. In the haste of re-establishing wire connection, a new pole had been set a little to one side, a stretch of wire cut out and a new piece spliced in without any attempt, as yet, to clear away the wreck-

Order FULTON by Mail
Kentucky's Great Whiskey
Express Prepaid from Distiller to You
2 Gallons for $5. of thoroughly matured highest medicinal, STRAIGHT Rye or Bourbon or one gallon each, in Myers' patent glass demijohns, and to prove FULTON is the best Whiskey, you need
send no money
We ship on 30 days' credit if you have your merchant or bank write us guaranteeing account. No C.O.D. FREE—4 miniature bottles of Selected Fulton with each 2 gallon demijohn or 8 quart bottle order accompanied with cash.
Full Quart Bottles of Rye or Bourbon are expressed prepaid in plain boxes, either 4 for $3., 8 for $6. or 12 for $9. If not satisfied with goods, return, and if paid for all your money will be refunded by first mail.
In a Plain Box
2 Gallons in Demijohns $5
Or 4 Full Quarts $3
Myers Patent
Address MYERS & COMPANY Warehouse No. 172 COVINGTON KY.
Sole Owners U. S. Reg. Dist'y No. 22, 6th Dist., Ky. Orders from Mont., Wyo., Colo., N. Mex. and West thereof must call for either 20 full quart bottles, 6 gallons in demijohns, or a cask, for $15 by prepaid freight. Write for express terms.
*Write for our book, A Fair Customer, and price list sealed.

age. Charlie looked it over from several points of view.

"Do you happen to know," he finally asked, "if they often use hollow poles down here, and what is the object?"

His manner, even more than the question, startled me. Going over by his side I made out that a black cord—or was it an insulated wire—seemed to run lengthwise through the center of the pole. While I was still examining it his voice came again from the foot of the tree.

"Do you think it is usual for the soil to be so loose and porous under a great tree like this, for all the world as if it had been grubbed or torn up within a few days? Is there anything startling in the fact of a great, healthy tree like this, that must have weathered numberless storms, toppling suddenly over without any wind to urge it?"

I saw at once that it was a peculiar fact. Just why it was a useful one to us, did not appear to me.

"Perhaps, after all," Charlie continued, "it is nothing so very remarkable. Come, we had better be attending to our own affairs and leave Mother Nature's reasons alone."

I wondered a little at his sudden change of purpose, and was still more surprised when, having regained the highway, he remarked in a low voice:

"It seems that the rocks here really have ears; at least, I saw a hole in that one which I suspect had ears behind it. Let us say no more about this case until we get to the shelter of your room, or else our own may tingle. What a beautiful landscape!"

Arrived at the village we encountered Mrs. Hunter and her daughter, who were on the watch for me. After the previous night's experiences it was, of course, impossible for them to remain at The Castle, so, during the day they had rented a small cottage in which they insisted was a vacant room for me, if I would accept it. As it spared me the time of finding one for myself, I readily did so, and to it Charlie and I at once repaired.

Once in its seclusion I produced the paper that had already figured so conspicuously in the mystery. To my profound astonishment there had been another addition to it, though I had carried it in the inner pocket of my coat all the morning. It read:

> "You must help me soon; the chance is going. They are coming; I will try again."

No explanation was suggested by either of us. There was none to suggest. We spent an hour or two examining The Castle and grounds for Charlie's benefit, and made what few arrangements were needed for a night of watchfulness. Then, giving me emphatic orders to spend the afternoon in rest, he started back to Grampton to catch the train for a run out to Russell and a talk with Blakeley. From there he would return directly to The Castle, where I was to join him.

As I watched him swinging down the road in his sprightly, vigorous way, the idea someway came to me that I was never to see him again.

CHAPTER IX.

ANOTHER.

Refreshed in body, but depressed by a nameless fear for my younger brother, I arose in the late afternoon, and, under Mrs. Hunter's urgent insistence, partook of quite a hearty meal. Of Edith I saw little, but felt convinced that her wan face and swollen eyes were not entirely occasioned by the fate of her uncle and cousin, although, poor girl, she mourned them sincerely, too.

With what words of cheer I could muster, and a vague hint that powerful aid would be at hand, if more was needed, I undertook to soften the grief of the half-distracted women while I ate. Then, returning to my room, I carefully cleaned and reloaded both revolvers, collected such of my possessions as we might be likely to need and, unable to longer restrain my impatience, took the little basket of lunch that Mrs. Hunter had insisted upon preparing, and started up the road to The Castle alone.

Arrived, it occurred to me that I would utilize what remained of the daylight in re-examining the outer grounds. Particularly I determined to measure with extreme accuracy the exterior of the tower in all its possible dimensions. These measurements I entered in my note-book, that already contained the results of my own and the unfortunate young carpenter's work the previous night. By every comparison I could make, the tower was a true circle, the walls as true and unbroken without as within, and apparently one foot thick; rather heavy, it is true, though not excessive, when the purpose for which they were erected was considered; certainly not thick enough to conceal a secret passage.

In the midst of my researches or, as I had about completed them, Charlie's cheery whistle, as he ascended the hill, reached my ears, and with intense relief I presently saw him approaching up the drive between the two rows of trees. We went inside a few minutes later, as the dusk was deepening into darkness, and began to make our final examination of the lower rooms before commencing our vigils above.

All was as I had left it so early that morning, with the exception of what few things we had ourselves disarranged in our preparations. We even searched the laboratory again, a place for which, from some cause, I had formed a greater dread than even for the library itself, the mysterious presence seeming nearer to me at that point than at any other.

Carefully securing the door behind us to guard against possible intrusion from below, we finally ascended the stairs and took our places directly in the archway opening between the library and the hall. It was Charlie's notion first, though I endorsed it, that instead of sitting together in either room, we station ourselves near the threshold, he in the one room and I in the other, only a few feet apart and facing in opposite directions; then both rooms would be under constant supervision and neither of us could by any possibility be approached from behind without the knowledge of the other.

Each of us held a revolver in hand, and it was mutually agreed that we were to fire without investigation or warning, the instant anything whatever was seen to approach, so confident were we that nothing but evil would appear in that accursed place. Charlie's dog Tige, a huge mastiff, powerful enough to throttle a dozen men and as fearless as a lion, had been sent down to him on the afternoon express in answer to his earlier telegram. This great beast walked about its unaccustomed quarters, sniffing suspiciously for a time, as was its custom when in a strange place, then, apparently satisfied, came back and lay down on the rug which Charlie had spread for it at his feet.

We had seen so little of each other during the past two weeks, that for the first hour our conversation did not lag, although we carefully avoided any theorizing about the case in hand, not knowing what listening ears might be drinking in our plans. Our murderous intentions, for the same reason, we were careful not to conceal.

"Do you expect an attack of any kind tonight?" I finally asked him as our conversation began to droop.

"I certainly do," was his reply, so abruptly and emphatically given that I was awed into sudden silence, although I had never before felt a dread of coming into contact with any of the desperate characters we had in our professional career been called upon to meet. For a time we leaned back and smoked in dead silence. The wind outside had risen to almost the strength of a tempest, such as in any other place would have been accompanied by sounds of straining blinds and rattling sash. Here there was no sound. Everything was rigid; in fact, our only knowledge of the wind came from our having raised one of the sashes slightly as a sort of connecting link between the room in which we were locked and the outer world. At the beginning of our watch I had turned the electric current on full strength so that both rooms were light as day in every corner.

By one o'clock nothing mysterious had happened. Twice the dog stirred uneasily and sniffed the air as though suspicious of some questionable presence, but each time the occasion of his doubt seemed brief, and the revolvers we promptly raised for action were slowly dropped again.

By half past one Charlie, whose impressions of the place, being received second hand, were probably less vivid than mine, suggested that for variety one of us take a stroll about the rest of the building and see how things were prospering.

"These nocturnal visitors, whoever they are, might commit unlimited depredations in the rest of the house while we two sit up here like blinking owls doing what one alone could do quite as well for a short time."

"Sit down," I commanded almost sternly. "They may carry the building away from its foundations for all I care. I only propose to know that no person or thing shall enter or leave this room tonight without our knowledge."

Charlie laughed, grumbling a little about my extreme discipline, resumed his seat, and, taking out his pipe, began smoking vigorously. In surprise I noticed that the fumes remained, quite as they would in any ordinary room, and how different from the quickly absorbed smoke of that pistol shot the previous evening. As I sat thinking over the bit of inconsistency I was suddenly aware that Charlie's hand was gripping his revolver with renewed energy, and that a look of questioning surprise was on his face.

"Shoot, and at once," I whispered eagerly, "if you see a thing."

"Hush! I see nothing! Look at the dog!"

To the day of my death I will never forget the look of brute horror that was that moment upon Tige's intelligent face, where fear had never been before. His hair stood out like bristles and every muscle of his body was tense and quivering, but not a sound escaped him.

"He is looking up now," Charlie whispered, at the same time turning his own eyes in that direction and raising his revolver.

For just one instant I caught a glimpse of him, his face grown suddenly ashy and every feature expressing absolute horror. Then he raised his shaking hand and fired twice upward, the dog began to growl as if the broken silence released his vocal powers and then, the blackness of midnight fell upon us as suddenly as a bolt of lightning. With a cry I sprang forward and groped out into the darkness for my brother's hand, calling his name. He answered me, faintly, as if his head was muffled, or he was at a great distance, but my hand came in contact with a cold, clammy object that shook and quivered under my touch.

With a yell of terror I sprang backward across the hall and began to fumble along the wall for the electric button. With a touch of my finger, after a moment's search, I flooded the place in blessed light again and, wheeling quickly about, faced—an empty room.

Sick at heart with an awful fear, I sprang across the hallway to the portals of the library, lighted only by the hall lamp and so somewhat in shadow. My first glance was toward the ceiling—nothing; then around the room for Charlie—nothing! I dashed back into the hall, and, although the light outside was ample, rushed from one end to the other in a mad hunt for my brother—nothing!

With trembling hands I tore open the door leading below and called his name down the stairs—nothing! With a sense of despair and anguish which no longer took account of personal danger I rushed into the middle of the hateful room itself. Some shivering, crawling object coming toward me almost drew my fire before I recognized—Tige, whimpering and miserable, the very shadow of his majestic self.

Reassured in some measure by the presence of this dumb brute, I went over to the chandelier in the middle of the crystal room and flooded the place with light. All was as it had been earlier in the evening; nothing unusual; only I saw beyond the shadow of a doubt that my brother was missing and that another mystery had been added to the sinister record of the awful room.

The realization maddened me to self-forgetfulness, and, raising my voice to its loudest pitch, I shouted:

"Take notice, fiends, or human beings, if there be any here with ears to hear me, I'll have this place apart from turret to foundation unless these walls give up their dead or living dead, whichever it may be!"

I waited a minute, half-expecting an answer in some supernatural form, and heard —nothing.

Tige now came whining to my feet, then sought the outer door and looked back questioningly, but I had other work in hand and liked it not to have him leave me, so hardened myself against his appeal. Once more, beginning at the floor, I searched the walls for evidence of an opening and once more found—nothing. Then I went below to the laboratory. With a strong conviction that further developments awaited me here, I paused an instant at the outer threshold, then, throwing aside my weakness with an effort, threw back the door and entered, the dog close behind me. Again—nothing.

While I still looked about, the lamp held high above my head, Tige suddenly began to growl low and deep. A glance showed me that he was watching the iron safe, and facing about in an instant I discovered the cause. The door was slowly swinging open of itself.

To stand in front of that mysterious vault and watch it opening under some invisible force, to feel that some unearthly revelation was about to be disclosed therein, to be uncertain whether the mysterious being that haunted the place with such fatal results were not curled closely behind that door prepared to spring upon me, this was my experience on that miserable night as I stood alone in that mystery-haunted dungeon awaiting, I knew not what.

As the door finally reached its utmost limit I at first saw nothing; then there flashed out, in great, fiery letters, the words: "The other man!"

Blakeley! I understood, now; it was Charlie's last message to me, delivered in this mysterious way, but it recalled my scattered senses, and without waiting for any further demonstrations I locked the laboratory door behind me, and with the whimpering dog close at my heels, made the best of my way above and out into the night.

The storm was spent, but I could see from the absence of stars that the sky was still overcast. While skirting the base of the tower on my way to the road in front—for I had left the house as Charlie and I entered it, from the garden side—I looked up at the room above, still flooded with light from the chandelier I had forgotten to extinguish. I leaned against the smooth wall, hesitating whether to return for that purpose, when the glow which the translucent walls shed all about the place suddenly vanished, and I was again in darkness. At the same time I felt the wall against which I was leaning, quiver like a living thing.

The continuation of this extraordinary story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming year.

An Added Danger.

Husband—Our little boy is sick, doctor; so please come at once.

Physician—I can't come over in less than an hour.

Husband—Oh, do, doctor. You see, my wife has a book on "What to Do Before the Doctor Comes," and I'm so afraid she'll do it before you get there!

ELGIN
12
1
2
3
4
5
7
8
9
10
11

17 JEWEL ELGIN $14.50 ON CREDIT

WRITE TODAY for our Big Free Watch Catalog. It tells all about our Easy Credit Plan and how we send Elgin 19 Jewel B. W. Raymond and 21 and 23 Jewel Elgin Veritas everywhere on Free Trial without Security or one cent deposit. Positively Guaranteed to Pass Any Railroad Inspection.

Let Me send you this High-Grade, Genuine 17 Jewel Elgin Watch in Hand Engraved Case, on FREE TRIAL

This watch has 17 genuine ruby jewels, micrometric regulator, patent Breguet hairspring; is Factory tested, finely finished throughout and regulated to the second.

P. S. HARRIS,
President Harris-Goar Company.
Mr. Harris and the Harris-Goar Co. are well known to the editors of this paper and we take pleasure in recommending them.—Editors.

Its Our Big Special this month at $14.50 We ask no security and no interest—just plain honesty among men. Our Elgin Watches are so well known and our CREDIT PLAN so Easy, Simple and Fair, that no matter where you live or how small your wages, we will trust you, so that you and every honest man or woman can own a High-Grade Elgin Watch in a beautiful Guaranteed 25 year Gold Case and wear it while paying for it in such small payments that you never miss the money.

Every Watch Sent Prepaid, NO MONEY DOWN

You assume no risk whatever in dealing with us, because, before you buy or pay one cent, we place the watch right in your own hands and let it do its own talking. Elgin Watches are made strong and accurate. They will stand hard usage and last a life time. This is the reason we can send them on approval and Guarantee Safe Delivery. If we were handling a flimsy, off-brand watch we could not make this Guarantee and could not take chances of selling them on credit.

You Cannot Afford to Buy an Unknown, Off-Brand Watch at all! You cannot afford to buy a watch of any kind until you have our Catalog and Prices for we are the LARGEST WATCH HOUSE IN AMERICA.

Bargains for Women

EVERY woman should send for our Free Catalog, because it will pay you to have our Prices and Easy Credit Plan. It enables you to buy Diamonds, Watches, Solid Gold Jewelry, Silverware, etc., and pay for them out of your pin money. Write today for Catalog. Do it now!
HARRIS-GOAR CO.

We Sell Only Genuine Elgin Watches, and our Catalog contains the True Factory Description of every High-Grade Elgin Watch made. We send it FREE.

JUST YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS on a POSTAL or the COUPON will bring you our BIG FREE CATALOG and a photograph and history of the Elgin Factory, the Largest in the World.

HARRIS-GOAR CO.,
1410 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

JUST YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS WILL DO.
HARRIS-GOAR CO., 1410 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Mo
Please send me your Free Catalog of Elgin Watches and Inside Facts on Fake Watches. Also your Easy Credit Plan of Selling Elgin Watches No Money Down, $2.00 a month.
NAME
POST OFFICE
STATE
R. F. D.

The Black Elbow;

Or, A LIFE AT STAKE

By J. M. Merrill

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 1, January 2. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IX.

AN UNAPPRECIATED APOLOGY.

WHO killed Steve Furray?

This was the puzzle that Immerson set out to solve. Up to a very recent date the young lumberman had considered his rival in the timber business an ordinarily honorable man. Recent occurrences had served to alter his diagnosis of the man's character.

Soon after quitting the lands of the other, Immerson was in deep confab with a gray-haired son of the forest.

The two sat in the bookkeeper's den. Densland was out, so the two men had the place to themselves. Fransway was a tall, lean specimen of the border surveyor. His long, gray locks and coonskin cap, together with Indian leggins and fringed hunting frock reminded one of the old-time trapper.

"There hain't the least doubt on that point, Mr. Immerson. Cantwell has been dilapidatin' the woods 'at ain't hissen, fur a month now, and I know it."

"Then you are the man I want, Fransway," said Immerson.

"Uh-huh."

"Do you know all the lines, Fransway?"

"To a teetotal dot, Mr. Immerson."

The old surveyor chewed a black quid and spat in the cuspidor.

"All right, then. I want evidence of his rascality for next week when my case is called at Boyd City. You understand?"

"That's what I do, siree."

The eyes of the lumberman sparkled with suppressed excitement.

"I shall fix Cantwell so he won't try to down me again very soon," he chuckled. Old Fransway seemed unmoved, save for a faint gurgle from the depths of his shrunken-stomach. The old fellow had been at one time county surveyor for the Black Elbow district and was considered an authority on lines and corners in all that region of country. Immerson believed that he could trust him, and so laid bare some of his plans.

"There ain't no meaner trick than the one old Cant served you, Mr. Immerson," declared the surveyor. "It'll sarve him right to go over the road."

The interview was not of long duration. Immerson soon dismissed his man and sought young Ferguson once more. The two made sure that there had been no trespass on the part of his workmen, save for the cutting of the one big tree, and this lay untouched where it had fallen.

Immerson was at the stable watching his man hitch a horse to his buckboard when the tall form of Cantwell was seen approaching. The lumber baron was panting from a swift walk. He came forward with a sweeping stride.

"You are going away?" said he in a panting voice.

"Yes, sir——"

"I am, however, in time. I wish to say that I have made a mistake and a most annoying one at that, Mr. Immerson. About cutting over lines."

"Yes?"

Immerson faced the speaker with cold repression.

"I wish to apologize——"

"Go right along and do it then," sneered Immerson as the speaker halted.

"You see, I depended so much on others. The men I employed were not up to their calling. I have ascertained that the lines between you and the Government are twenty rods to the west; my men made a mistake."

"Well?"

Immerson did not make it easy for his rival to explain.

"As I said at the outset, I wish to apologize. I thought I was doing only my duty. I shall at once make the case clear to the proper officials so that you shall not suffer. I hope you will kindly overlook this little affair. I assure you I am sincerely sorry."

Immerson bit his lips and reflected. He kept his eye on the face of the other. He would read him to the soul. What had the big man up his sleeve now? Nothing to his credit, that was certain.

"I think we will let it rest," finally remarked Immerson. "I shall be ready to come to trial next week, and shall expect you to be there, Mr. Cantwell." There was a sternness in the manner of the speaker that disconcerted his enemy.

"You mean to be unforgiving, I see," he said slowly, looking aside.

"I shall certainly be unforgetting," sneered Immerson.

"Well, if you have been damaged, I am willing to pay——"

"Don't put yourself out, Mr. Cantwell," broke in the other. "I shall see that you get a taste of your own medicine. I shall be on hand at ten in the morning next Wednesday, at the courthouse in Boyd City. I shall expect to meet you there and square accounts. Till then, good-by."

Immerson sprang into his buckboard and drove away.

Cantwell did not move while Immerson was in sight, but stood watching the rattling vehicle as it whirled in a cloud of dust down the road.

Berry Cantwell was an imposing presence. He was broad, portly and tall. His Vandyke beard was always faultless, his clothes of fashionable make. Even in the woods he did not mix well with the common herd. Despite this fact he was not disliked by his employes, who were paid the highest wages.

His eyes snapped as they followed the retreating lumberman. As we see them now, they held a green shade. Sometimes they were brown, at others red, with the tint of blood. And withal Cantwell was a handsome man.

Cantwell stroked his beard with a white hand, from which sparkled a diamond. A smile revealed his even teeth.

"He's warmed up, for a fact. I was afraid of it. Well, he's a young hothead, make the best of him. Elnora would be very unwise to cast her lot with a man like Immerson. She needs a person of mature intellect. I think I know the man who fills the bill."

With an awkward chuckle the big man of Black Elbow walked on his return.

A short distance down the road Cantwell ran upon old Fransway. The two walked along in company. A decided contrast were the twain, one, a big body of conceited gentility, the other, a shrunken, gray, old apology of robust manhood.

"Immerson was rather touchy this morning," said Cantwell.

"Touchy, was he? Wal, hain't he had enough to make him so?" Fransway bridled instantly, evidently ready to defend his latest employer. The big lumber baron laughed grimly.

"I suppose he has," he conceded. "And now you are in his employ, I hear?"

"Folks can hear a good many things that ain't so."

"But this is so, if appearances aren't deceitful," returned Cantwell.

"Well, that's all right. I have done dirt long enough, Berry, that's why I've gone over to the side of a white man."

"That's all right, Fransway. I hope you won't take advantage of things you learned while working for me, however, and make me trouble?"

The speaker laid a hand on the shoulder of his wizened companion in a friendly way.

"I reckon I'll do what I think best," snapped the old surveyor.

"But it wouldn't be fair——"

"Wouldn't it?" almost yelled Fransway, whirling about in the road facing the big logowner. A whirlwind of passion distorted the wrinkled face.

"You're a big man, Berry, a mighty big man in some respects, but in others you're so blamed small, ten thousand souls like your'n could be driv' through the eye of a needle! As I told ye, I've did dirt long enough. I'm on another tack now, altogether. I learnt some things when I was runnin' lines fur you."

"Very likely."

Cantwell had halted to hear what his late employe had to say.

"You put up a blamed mean job on Immerson, you know you did. I ain't goin' to say 'at I wasn't some to blame nuther. I thought I was doin' my duty sneakin' through the woods tryin' to blast the name of the best man in the State."

"That's all very well. You wanted the job, Fransway," said Cantwell with a cheerful unconcern. "It was you who first put me onto the trick. I'd never suspected Immerson if it hadn't been for you."

"That's true, too," agreed the old man, kicking up the sand with his heavy boot. "I wanted work——"

"Yes, and I gave it to you."

"I won't deny that——"

"Then what's the matter with you now?"

"Nothin', only you put up a job on Immerson."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because it's true."

"You are a blamed fool, Fransway, a blamed fool!" exclaimed the landowner, exhibiting considerable feeling. "I employed you to survey certain sections of land. You did so and reported to me that Immerson's men had cut logs on United States property. On the strength of that showing I proceeded against the man, which was strictly in the line of duty. Now you come up and tell me that I have wronged a neighbor. If I have, it is because of your assurance of his wrongdoing."

"I know, I know," grunted Fransway, hanging his head. "I didn't do as I ort and that's a fact. Besides, I made a big blunder and found 'at I'd run the lines wrong myself."

"Exactly, and then you went to Immerson and told him all about it?"

"I won't deny it. I couldn't sleep nights till I did him justice."

"Oh, how pious!" sneered Cantwell, rolling his eyes mockingly.

"Say what you will, I feel better now that I've confessed to him."

"Well, is that all you did?"

The eyes fixed on Fransway's face were red in their glint now.

"Not quite," admitted the old surveyor, squirming like an eel on a hot griddle.

"What else?"

"I'm not goin' to say a blamed thing more to you."

Fransway squirmed aside and started to retreat.

"Wait just a second, my friend," called Cantwell. "My men tell me that you have been running lines across my premises. What is that for?"

"Nothin' in partic'lar."

"You have been doing that, haven't you?"

"Mebbe I hev."

"Did Walt Immerson send you to do dirt, as you call it, for him?" demanded Cantwell in a stern voice.

He got no reply. Thoroughly discomfited, the old surveyor had turned and was now striding away as fast as his crooked legs could carry him.

Cantwell chuckled inwardly as he watched the man's flight.

CHAPTER X.

A SHOT FROM COVER.

Immerson was on hand at the date set for his examination at Boyd City. He felt sure of an easy victory over his enemies. He was surprised that Cantwell failed to appear with a grist of witnesses for the prosecution. It was an easy matter to prove that there had been trespass only in one instance, where one tree had been felled.

Of course the prisoner admitted the mistake. He was therefore astonished when the judge of the court fixed his fine at one thousand dollars.

"I submit," exclaimed the lumberman, who had employed no attorney, "that such a fine is outrageous. No harm has been done. Through a mistake of one of my choppers a single tree was felled on United States property. That tree has not been converted into logs. The moment the mistake was discovered it was left to——"

"It is not at all necessary," broke in the wise judge, "to go on about this very serious affair, Mr. Immerson. There has been a good deal of this thieving from the Government and it must be stopped. It is not the amount of timber taken in this case, but the intent that counts against you. The court cannot let sympathy, or mistakes on the part of lumbermen, deter him from doing his duty. I may say right here that timber thieves will be sternly prosecuted in this court hereafter."

"I am glad to hear that, your honor," said Immerson, his face hot, his eyes gleaming. He was thinking of Cantwell and the inroads his cutters had made upon sacred ground. "If there is no partiality shown I shall be satisfied."

"Be careful how you insinuate——"

"I insinuate nothing, your honor."

Immerson was given a free bill of moral health for the money he turned into the coffers of the Government. He quitted the august presence with a keen sense of wrong rankling in his bosom. After satisfying the demands of justice he turned his steps toward Lightstone cottage. He had Cantwell continually in mind. The man had acted the part of a sneak, and Immerson smarted to get even.

Luckily for Cantwell the two did not meet at this time. Immerson was too choleric to have stood upon ceremony. He felt bitter, savage, almost vindictive. Doubtless the other man understood how this would be and kept out of the way.

Immerson had made every preparation to "get back" at his rival. He had witnesses on hand to swear to the trespass of Cantwell, and placed a warrant in the hands of an officer to be served the moment the lumber baron of the Manistee came within the jurisdiction of Boyd City.

Immerson went forward eagerly. He was met at the door by Eve Lull. The girl's face was slightly flushed and her eyes were full of strange, disturbed lights.

"Elnora is ill—that is, she has a severe headache and can see no one," said Eve, her manner showing considerable embarrassment.

"Elnora ill? Then it is all the more reason why I should see her. I hope it is nothing serious?"

"Not at all; she has been ill in this manner before."

"I will call later," said he, lingering, however, on the step.

"If you will come in, sir, I will speak to her again."

Certainly he would. He entered and sat down in the pretty little parlor. Dicky bird trilled a note of welcome. Immerson straightened his limbs and leaned at ease in his chair. Eve was gone some time. Far away sounded the mumble of voices. Immerson never visited Boyd City without calling at Lightstone cottage, and this was the only time Elnora had refused to see him.

The crack of a firearm near the house called Immerson to the window. He saw Ted with a smoking gun. The lad was looking up into one of the tall maples. Down dropped a fine, large squirrel. At this moment Eve returned. She, too, had been attracted by the shot and ran to the window.

"I knew it was Teddy," she said in a disturbed tone. "He is the most reckless fellow I ever saw. Only last week he was lectured before a magistrate and fined. When will that boy learn to be like other folks?"

"You've got me there, Miss Lull," chuckled Immerson as he stood close to petite Eve and watched the boy bear his game triumphantly toward the kitchen.

"Now he will ask me to cook that, but I shan't do anything of the kind."

The speech was a petulant one, and the girl's pretty lips ended in a pout. The man stood and regarded her out of the corner of his eye. He looked almost squarely down upon the bent head with its crown of gold-bronze. The curve of the white throat, delicate features and mobile mouth, all attracted him. The shoulders, shrugged the least bit just now, were outlined in perfect beauty. Her workaday gown was a fabric of which he knew little, yet it was neat and clinging; it was quite perfection. Such a maid!

The man lifted his hand and ventured to caress an escaping lock of hair. The touch aroused her. She stepped away quickly. Immerson turned and looked into the innocent brown eyes.

"I wouldn't if I were you," he said with an amused laugh.

"Oh, I may, after all. Teddy is such a tease—but he's a dear good fellow in the main."

Eve Lull receded to the door, evidently quite oblivious of her errand of a few minutes ago. She turned when half-through the door, blushing vividly.

"Excuse me, sir. I forgot——"

"You are forgiven," said he quickly.

"Elnora can't come down."

"She must be ill indeed."

"Well, no, not dangerously so," and a smile touched the lips of the gentle speaker. "She is often troubled with headaches. But today——"

"Well, today?" as the girl hesitated.

"Teddy fetched the news about—about the fine against you, and that is what troubles Miss Lightstone, I feel sure. If you could call again soon, it will be all right."

There was an absurd little quiver in the speaker's voice.

That she wished to say very much more he believed. He would have opened the way had she not felt called upon to quit the room.

"Indeed you must excuse me," she said naively. "I have bread in the oven and I fear it is burning. Make yourself comfortable while you stay."

The girl was gone. Dicky fluttered, plumed himself and chattered unintelligible bird talk. The atmosphere changed. A bit of sunshine had gone out leaving chill, uncanny shadows.

"Blamed pretty child," muttered the lumberman.

He did not linger. The shadows of Black Elbow called. He opened the door and went out. On the walk he encountered Teddy, the irrepressible.

"Wouldn't Elnora see you?" queried the boy. "Well, it's no more than I expected of her. That blamed Cantwell's been hangin' round lately, and the lies he's told would sink a ship. I've kept up your end pretty good though. Sis knows what I think of her carryings on."

Immerson was not listening very deeply. His eye caught sight of a trim figure in the kitchen window. It was Eve, full of her work, and unconscious of being observed.

"Say, Ted, will she cook it?" blurted Immerson suddenly.

"Eh?" staring in astonishment.

"Will she cook the squirrel I saw you shoot in defiance of law and the good will of the city?"

"Oh, you mean Eve. I thought you was thinking of sis," and the boy heaved a relieved sigh. Where Eve Lull was concerned Ted was alive and happy.

"Why, yes, of course. Eve does everything I want her to. She's jest the nicest girl in America. If sis was only half as nice, she'd be a wonder. I hate to see Eve soil her delicate little hands with work in a stuffy old kitchen. She shan't do it either, for very long. When I get a little older we'll be married and then Eve'll have a servant maid to wait on her jest like she now waits on Elnora."

"Very fine arrangement," chuckled Immerson. "How old are you, Ted?"

I Will Send Those Afflicted with Catarrh One Month's Medicines Free

No matter what you have already tried, no matter how serious your case may be regardless of who has told you that your case is incurable I want you to accept this offer. I will send a month's medicines free in connection with my new vaporizer to prove that I have the greatest treatment ever produced for Catarrh in any form or in any stage. Thousands have used it. The results in many cases were almost miraculous. Don't let this opportunity go by, you owe it to yourself to accept it and restore yourself to perfect health and completely free yourself from this treacherous and dangerous disease.

Write To-Day. Send your name and address on postal card it will not obligate you in any way, my offer means what it says and is simply a plan I have adopted for introducing my treatment to all sufferers. Address

DR. T. F. WILLIAMS,
521 Flynn Block, DES MOINES, IOWA.

Tell Your Friends

If any of your neighbors or friends are afflicted tell them of this great offer I will appreciate it and so will they.

"I'm past seventeen. Almost old enough to get married, eh?"

"I should say not."

"How old are you, Walt?"

"What is my age—guess, Teddy?"

"Oh, you may be thirty, and you may be less——"

"Pretty good, my boy. Thirty-one last June."

"Is that so? And sis is——"

"Well?"

"I daren't tell. She'd slap me if she knew of my doing it," declared the boy. "She won't ever see her teens again though."

"And Miss Lull?"

"Oh, Eve's about my age, jest a few months older. No harm in that, is there, Walt?"

"Perhaps not."

"I know one of the candidates for President ran away with a Senator's daughter and got married when he was seventeen. Now I——"

"For gracious sake, Teddy, don't cut such a caper. I don't think there is much danger, however."

"Why not?"

"Because Miss Lull is too sensible a girl to think of it. Why, she is only a child."

Ted burst into a laugh.

"That's all you know about it," said he, drawing a long face.

"I think I know enough to satisfy me that she is a sensible girl," declared Immerson. They had walked to the street. The man's eyes lingered in the direction of the kitchen window. Eve did not appear again, however.

Boy and man separated. Ted returned to the house, Immerson, with bowed head, and biting his lip, went on with slow deliberation. A shrill little voice fetched him up standing. A small Arab came clattering up with a letter in his hand.

"Been huntin' a hull hour fur ye, Mr. Immerson. The lady gin me this ter deliver." The lumberman took the letter, dropped a silver dollar into the eager hand, then tore open the missive.

"Mr. Immerson—After what has happened it will be useless for you to come to see me any more. While I thought you innocent, a wronged man, in fact, as you led me to believe, I stood by you. Today's revelations have proved to me that you are wholly unworthy. I cannot wed a man who is a criminal. Ring enclosed. ELNORA."

The ring fell at his feet and he kicked it into the gutter.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE NAME OF THE PEOPLE.

Immerson did not return immediately to Black Elbow.

He wished to see that Cantwell did not escape having the papers served on him for trespass. He would make him suffer some of the pangs he had caused another.

The curt note from Elnora, breaking the engagement, was a stunner to Immerson. He knew that Cantwell was at the bottom of it all. There had been lies heaped high, and Berry Cantwell was the father of them.

Immerson went to his hotel and lit a cigar. He smoked and meditated. He felt ugly. His feelings were wrought to a high pitch. It was well for the other man that he did not appear just at this time. There was hate and rage in the heart of the man from Black Elbow.

This hate he vented in chewing his weed to shreds.

He went again upon the street. Everything looked dark and forbidding.

His men over on The Black Elbow were good workers, and Ferguson would attend well to that end of the business. Immerson decided to sojourn for a time amid the bustle and whir of city life. He smoked half a dozen strong cigars the first six hours after he read Elnora's letter. That he perused time after time till every word was burned into his soul.

"And I trusted her so!" he muttered as he wrenched himself along, smoking and reflecting. "There is a chance of making things as they were, even yet," he reflected. "I might go to her and tell the whole black story of Cantwell's villainy. She might believe me, and then again she might not. How can I trust her after this?"

He felt that this would be impossible.

He had lost faith in women. Immerson was no sickly sentimentalist. His nature was robust and human. His pride was of that sort of which true men boast. He walked the streets and wasted his sorrow in tobacco and on the winds.

That night he felt better. He slept well and by another day was himself again. He could not afford to be otherwise.

And this day came Cantwell. Tall, robust, smiling, an impersonal devil, yet posing as a personal saint!

Immerson did not avoid him, neither did he seek a meeting. He wanted to know that service was had on the magnate by the officer ere he spoke with him. He saw the Mogul of Manistee flit past in a carriage. He was in earnest confab with a companion whom Immerson afterward learned was the mayor of the city.

"Hello, Walt! Do you know what's happened?"

A man came up to Immerson and took an unoccupied chair near. Immerson knew the man, a Mr. Thompson, who was known as a thrifty political factor in the dominant party.

"Anything special, or startling, Thompson?"

"Well, not exactly startling. You know there's a special election on for Congressman, to fill the place of Burlington, resigned."

"Yes, I believe I heard something about that."

"Well, this is convention day, special, you know, and the boys are talking of Cantwell."

"For what?"

"Why, for Congressman, of course."

A wave of indignation shot over Immerson. He bit his cigar in twain. A scowl wrinkled his forehead.

"You don't like it, eh?" and Thompson laughed a machine-made laugh.

"No. I do not. The idea——"

"To me seems a good one. Now see here, Walt, what can be said against old Cantwell?"

"What can be said in his favor, you better ask," snarled Immerson, rousing and shaking himself like a lion at bay.

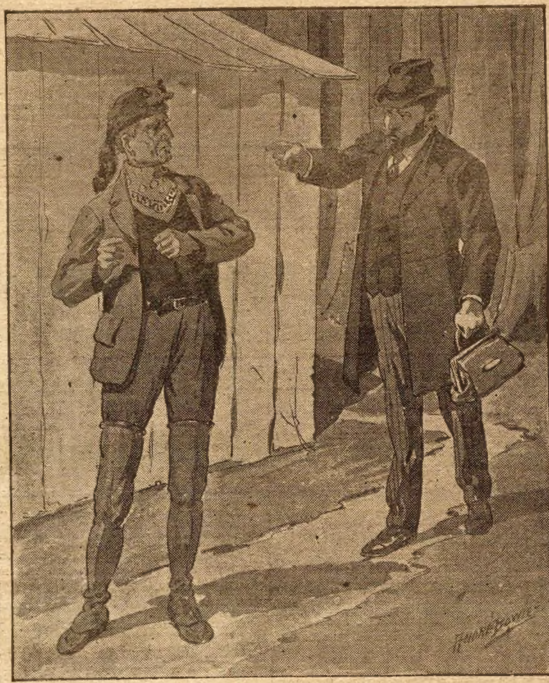
"Many things; he's a man of prodigious brain power, you won't deny that. Then he's an experienced man of business; those interests would be well protected for one thing. Besides he has the rocks——"

"Precisely, and his only recommendation," ventured Immerson at a white heat under the surface. "I saw Cantwell pass in a carriage——"

"Yes, with the mayor. He's down to see the boys and make good. There's comparatively little opposition to Cant."

"But he ought not to be nominated," said Immerson in a smothered tone.

He felt the fever of his wrath consuming him. There was the trespass case pending. That ought to damn any candidate. Immerson half-rose, but sank back after a moment. "When does the convention convene?" he asked.



"You are a blamed fool!"

"At two, this afternoon. You will come up, Walt?"

"Yes, I'll be there."

The young man cut the words short behind clinched teeth.

People were gathering in the convention hall a few hours later. Immerson had not rested since parting with Thompson. He was at the hall early. Many old acquaintances met and grasped his hand. Immerson paced about, smoking and meditating. Cantwell was not early on the ground. He came in, however, just as the convention was called to order, looking white and troubled. He did not look toward Immerson, perhaps did not see him.

That gentleman smiled behind his cigar. He knew the cause of the white alarm on the face of Cantwell, and the red light in his eyes. Not ten minutes before the magnate had been served with papers summoning him to court to answer charges of trespass. Immerson had timed his blow to meet later emergencies. He was satisfied that Cantwell had set his heart on the nomination to Congress. He would frustrate that desire and make the big man eat humble pie. He might have the girl, but his political ambitions should be balked.

Cantwell had scarcely time to call a friend aside when the chair rapped for order. The usual preliminaries were gone through and then a silence fell.

Nominating speeches were now in order. One of the delegates rose slowly and placed the name of Walter Immerson before the convention. Immerson was dumfounded. The man who had done this was Dirk Egleson, the very one who had a sledge up his sleeve with which to crush Berry Cantwell.

"Oh, you simpleton," gaspingly uttered the subject of the speaker's eulogy. "You have spoiled all. Nobody will think——"

A tremendous roar drowned the mutterings. Immerson's hand trembled as he removed his cigar. Was he so popular then? It was a puzzle. He had good friends all over the district who had been at work on the quiet. And to think that he had forgotten all about the date of the convention, might not have been in the city, in fact, had not other business fetched him.

Immediately after the cheers subsided Thompson presented the name of Cantwell. This brought forth another storm of cheers. Immerson trembled for fear the magnate would win. As for himself he was not so particular. The presenting of his name was wholly unexpected.

"Are you ready for the ballot?"

The crucial test was at hand. Cantwell sat well back, biting the roots of his Vandyke beard and splitting the air with his fierce gaze. Some of his nervousness had worn off. He felt that he could not be defeated.

"Mr. Chairman!"

Dirk Egleson had mounted a chair with a legal document in his hand. From this he proceeded to read. It was a copy of the indictment against Cantwell for robbing Government lands. Shouts of "Shame!" "Liar!" and the like rolled up in such volume as to drown the speaker.

"Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen of the convention," shouted Egleson, "I am within my rights. Berry Cantwell has been arrested as a timber poacher; the papers are out; he will have to answer before a court of law. Tell me if a man like this is fit to represent you in the Congress of the United States! I am making no idle talk, but can prove everything I say. The documents are here for your investigation."

All of this was said amidst great confusion, yet the member managed to get his charges fairly before the delegates.

"This is a foul slander. I am not guilty!"

The clear voice of Cantwell swept over the heads of the delegates. A tall, elegant gentleman, fiercely handsome in his wrath, glared across space to the chair. Immerson compressed his lips and listened. Would this cold speculator win after all? The chair rapped for order.

"Will Mr. Cantwell deny that he is even now under arrest for stealing Government timber?" hurled Egleson, back across the space.

"No; I am under arrest, but on a false charge. There is a conspiracy to defeat me, and this is a part of it. I have nothing further to say. I shall meet these contemptible charges in open court and confound my enemies."

The man ceased, and sat down. Like Blaine of old, Cantwell had thrown himself on the mercy of his constituents, and like this same national personage he was sat down upon.

Cantwell was a "lumber baron" in an offensive sense. This fact, added to the other charges, served to win the day for Immerson, who was, to his own infinite amazement, nominated to fill the vacancy. Hands clutched and pulled, faces grinned into his, voices yelled, as the nominee was borne to the front. He was compelled to take the platform, and he had never made a speech in his life! He was nearly overcome with stage fright. His knees wabbled and he felt ready to sink. This would never do. Perspiring, the young man braced himself and lifted his hand for quiet.

"I don't know what this means," drawled Immerson, speaking very slowly, that he might find himself. "I came down from the woods on business, never thinking what was to happen. Don't look for a speech from me today. I'm not up in that line. I think, however, that I know what you boys want, and I shall do my level best to get it for you while I am in Washington. I thank you from my heart for this undeserved honor."

That was all. A shout rent the rafters and the crowd went wild.

Dazed and quite puzzled at the change in his affairs, the nominee passed from the room. Many friends surrounded him and congratulations fell right and left.

It was a good hour before Immerson found himself free. In the dusk of evening he turned to enter the hotel office. A hand detained him. He saw the handsome face of Cantwell peering into his.

"You won by a desperate trick!" hissed the magnate. "I'll get even with you for this, Walter Immerson, if it takes all my life and all my fortune!"

With that he turned and vanished

(Continued next week.)

ASTHMA CURE DISCOVERED AT LAST.

I was driven almost frantic by attacks of Asthma, gasping for breath and suffocation. Could not lie down in bed. Had to be propped up in a chair and lost my sleep. Tried one remedy after another, inhalers, smokes, douches and liquids until an old physician cured me. Before his death I procured the formula of the medicine he used and have since cured scores of others. Will gladly send a sample of it FREE to sufferers. If you want relief at once, send me your name and address and the names of some of your friends and acquaintances who are afflicted. Address

T. GORHAM,
645 Shephard Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich.

CONSTIPATION Permanently Cured. Send for Free sample to Marvin's Cascara Chocolate Tablet Co., Dept. D, Detroit, Mich.

MOTHERS Bed Wetting Cured. 25c package free. C. H. Rowan, Dept. 63, London, Can.

MONEY $ $ for wise men. $ $ key free. J. Warren Smith, Ottawa, Ill.

SWEDENBORG'S "HEAVEN AND HELL," 15c. Stamps taken. Pastor Landenberger, Windsor Place, St. Louis, Mo.

SPORTING GOODS. Dice and Cards a specialty. Cat. Free. B. L. Smythe Co., Newark, Mo.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. GUARANTEED. BOOKLET FREE. BYRON FIELD & CO. 182 STATE STREET. CHICAGO ILL.

FITS CURED No Cure No Pay—in other words, you do not pay our small professional fee until cured & satisfied. German-American Institute, 224 Ridge Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

468 WONDERFUL, rare, curious, interesting and funny Tricks, all for only 10c, postpaid, stamps or coin. Address your letter to Williams & Co., McKinley Park, Dept. T, Chicago, Ill.

3127 Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Transparent Envelope and POST CARDS New Joker and Escort with Agent's NEW Sample Book and Outfit. All for a 2-CENT stamp. BUCKEYE CARD CO., Cadiz, Ohio.

BEADS Our Sample Card of Beads and instructions for making Neck Laces and Purses sent for 10 cents, silver or stamps. Address LADIES' ART CO., C. 81, St. Louis, Mo.

LOVELY POST CARDS FREE! Three choicest artistic Souvenir Post Cards, beautiful colors, absolutely free, if you send stamp for postage. W. H. Gates, 129 W. 8th Street, Topeka, Kan.

VENTRILOQUISM Learned by any Man or Boy at Home. Small cost. Send today 2-cent stamp for particulars and proof. O. A. SMITH, ROOM 170—2040 KNOXVILLE AVE., PEORIA, ILL.

BOTH RINGS FREE Send for 10 packages of our very artistic colored post cards to distribute at 10 cts. each. Return us the $1.00 when collected and we will send you these two beautiful SOLID GOLD laid Rings or cash premium if preferred. We take back all not used. Address Ring Headquarters, 815 Jackson St., Topeka, Kansas.

SALESMANSHIP You can be a salesman, increase your power to convince others, earn from $1,200 to $10,000 a year. Write for my Free Magazine "THE SALESMAN" and full details of my correspondence course. My graduates hold paying positions and I can assist You to profitable employment. W. R. TROTTER, Dept. B, KANSAS CITY, MO.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR PERFECTLY REMOVED. I have a GUARANTEED safe and positively SURE way to take hairs off face, arms, etc., like Magic. I HAVE THE TRUE SECRET. Write for Information. I send it sealed. FREE. Address HELEN DOUGLAS, 20 E. 22 St., New York

AGENTS ARE COINING MONEY Selling this Combination Tool WASHINGTON HATCHET Sells at sight to farmers, housekeepers, storekeepers, etc. We can show you how to make from $3 to $10 a day. Experience unnecessary. Write today for our agents' offer. H. THOMAS MFG. CO. 106 Barney Block, Dayton, O. 10 TOOLS IN ONE

$3.50 21 Jeweled Watches To introduce our special offer on 21 jeweled watches we will send to any address by express C. O. D. subject to examination for only $3.50 this genuine American [illegible] ruby jeweled double hunting richly engraved gold finished watch. You examine it at your express office and if satisfactory pay express agent our reduced price, $3.50, and express charges and it is yours. Our 20 YEAR GUARANTEE and a beautiful chain accompanies each watch. Send this advertisement to us with your name, post office and express office address, stating size wanted LADY'S or GENTS and watch will be sent at once. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 350 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

WHISKEY FREE! How to get a whole gallon free, by express, prepaid. Learn to make liquors, Beers, Whiskeys, Cordials, Soda Water for 1c a bottle. Beer about 1c a quart. No experience required. Everything guaranteed. Recommended by thousands. Don't be dry, when I open the way for you to always have something on hand. Write for free particulars today. Send stamp. Address A. C. Liepe, 610 Green Bay Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

I POINT THE WAY To SUCCESS to ANYONE who will follow my Course. I have shown thousands of others HOW TO MAKE MONEY—I can show YOU. My Goods and Business Methods have lifted Mortgages, built Homes and scattered Prosperity everywhere. Get in line and write today for the "SAYMAN PLAN," full particulars and FREE SAMPLES. SAYMAN, 2303 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

WIZARD REPEATING LIQUID PISTOL Nickel-plated 5 in. long. Pat'd Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury. Perfectly safe to carry without danger of leakage. Fires and recharges by pulling the trigger. Loads from any Liquid. No cartridges required. Over six shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail, 50c. Rubber-covered Holster 10c. With Pistol 55c. Money-order or U. S. stamps. No coins. PARKER, STEARNS & CO., 149 Water St., New York, U.S.A.

YOUR NAME GOLD TINSELED! We will send you Six of the most beautiful gold embossed flower, birthday or greeting cards you ever sa with your name s message tinseled gold, for only te cents, postpaid Write for them t day. You will be delighted. We will also tell you how you can earn beautiful presents or commission by taking orders for us. DAVIS BROS., Postcard Dept. E55, CHICAGO.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1886, at the post-office at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday
By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to The Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Post-office or Express Money Order, payable to The Chicago Ledger. Subscription price in Canada $1.50 a year.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

ADVERTISING RATES.

The advertising rate is $1.60 per Agate Line per issue. About eight words to a line, 14 lines to an inch. This price also includes insertion of the advertisement in THE SATURDAY BLADE. THE BLADE and LEDGER together have a circulation of

750,000 COPIES WEEKLY

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO
THE CHICAGO LEDGER
CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLE JABS.

Some men are such swindlers that they cheat themselves.

Even a fast man may not make a rapid recovery when he's ill.

It's only the brilliant sayings of the first baby that go on record.

A young man doesn't begin to rise in the world until he settles down.

It's easier for a girl to look like an angel than it is for her to act like one.

Isn't it queer that a man never shows his temper until after he has lost it?

Most of the so-called golden opportunities that come our way are only plated.

Sometimes two women can stop talking about each other long enough to kiss.

The first time a girl is engaged she imagines that she is as important as the heroine in a novel.

Every young man looks forward to the time when he will be in a position to boss somebody.

If every man was compelled to act as his own fool-killer there would be an epidemic of suicides.

The more a woman knows about the affairs of her husband the less she has to say about them.

Foraker is beginning to think that there never was another family as numerous as the Taft family.

In Pittsburg the private conscience at times appears to be about as smoky as the public atmosphere.

Texas wants Taft to visit it and as an inducement it will exhibit to him its big Democratic majority.

A man's wife never thinks his illness is serious until he quits using language that wouldn't look well in print.

Aeroplane races are becoming common in Europe. What of it? Horse racing is up in the air in the United States.

Richard Croker has turned chicken fancier. How old will Mr. Roosevelt have to be before such a pastoral pursuit appeals to him?

A new kind of flea has been discovered in California. It has six teeth and is a high jumper. Maybe it is designed to pounce on airships.

Any one who doesn't like the color of Jack Johnson's skin can have for the asking the privilege of going out into the alley with him and saying so.

We do not know whether Taft is going out of Ohio for part of his Cabinet just for looks or because the State hasn't quite enough home-grown Cabinet material.

Of course Tommy Burns isn't his name. If it had been does any one suppose he would have allowed a person named Johnson, regardless of color, to play tag with him?

Those countries now adopting old-age pensions may not know the trouble they are bringing on themselves, since the professor is about to show us all how to live to be young at 150.

Horace Whitlock's Sister;

Or, In Central American Jungles

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH, Author of "The Mysterious Burglar," etc.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 52, December 26. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE night had passed without any important incident. The soldiers watched idly from the court-yards below, or paced up and down the walks in front, but there was no attempt made to break down the barricade or to rush the broken window. We took turns resting, Belmont assisting in the watch in spite of his suffering.

"I can't sleep," he groaned," for this infernal pain, and I may as well be of some use. I can give the alarm if anything happens." Both Whitlock and myself managed in this way to get a few snatches of sleep and when daylight finally appeared we were ready for the developments of another day. Belmont hobbled around and made himself useful in preparing an early breakfast. His wound was inflamed and feverish, but he proved an impatient hospital case.

Miss Whitlock slumbered with apparent peace and forgetfulness. When she finally emerged from her chamber, she apologized:

"I was stupidly sleepy. I don't think I realized our danger once after my head touched the pillow."

"That is the way a good soldier should do," I responded with a smile, watching the slight flush of embarrassment on the beautiful face.

Whitlock, who had joined forces with Belmont in preparing the breakfast, called from the back hall:

"Where's the fruit, Flo? I don't see it."

"On the top of the shelf," she answered. "Stand on that box and you'll reach it."

"Bananas, cocoanuts, oranges and lemons!" exclaimed her brother. "They treated you generously, Flo. I'm half famished for the taste of an orange."

"Then eat one, Horace, and pass the others down."

Belmont suddenly crawled from under a closet in the corner. His appearance excited our mirth. Dust and cobwebs clung fantastically to his hair and clothes.

"Where have you been, Mr. Belmont?" asked Miss Whitlock, endeavoring to suppress a smile.

"Under the sink, on top of the closet, beneath it, and all round. I've been making an inventory of our stores. Senor Ardsley hasn't discovered half the provisions stored in this old junkshop. I believe we have enough to feed an army for a month."

"So much the better," I said. "And since you've discovered them I'll appoint you chief of the commissary department."

Belmont cleaned the dust and cobwebs from his clothes and hair, and we sat down to our first meal. There was an abundance of everything, and we made a substantial and satisfying breakfast.

When we were finished a sudden disturbance outside startled us. We quickly sprang to our posts and looked out. The commotion came from the front, and Belmont, who had rushed there, exclaimed:

"A flag of truce! They want to talk with us. Have you a white handkerchief, Miss Whitlock?"

Taking a dainty piece of embroidery from her hands, he waved it out of the window. When the soldiers advanced in response to it, he said:

"Your handkerchief has saved us, Miss Whitlock. It is the charmed emblem of peace and freedom. With your permission, I'm going to appropriate it as a memento of the occasion."

The owner of the flag of truce assented with a smile, and Belmont tucked it safely in his pocket. Toward the barricaded front door I turned, expecting the communication to be brought there; but in this I was mistaken. In the back hall I heard Belmont talking, and leaving the front unguarded I hurried to his side.

"It's Colonel Yetto," he whispered.

"What does he want?"

"He's open to compromise. He will release us on conditions before Senor Farnley comes."

"What are the conditions?"

"Senor, he has his price like all these natives, and if we can meet it we're free."

We exchanged glances, Belmont's wavering a little I thought.

"How can we meet it?" I asked. "We have no money."

"The senor forgets the pleasure."

Belmont cast a quick glance around as he spoke, but Whitlock and his sister were at the other end of the corridor.

"But we haven't found that," I retorted sharply.

"There's a package, senor, which Farnley left with Senorita Whitlock. It contains his possessions—and possibly this treasure."

"You know of the package?" I asked in surprise.

"I stumbled across it this morning in my hunt for provisions," he exclaimed lamely.

Miss Whitlock approached, and I turned to her abruptly:

"What package did Farnley leave with you, Miss Whitlock?"

For a moment she looked confused and puzzled. Then her face brightened.

"Oh, I remember. It was his money and a few possessions. He asked me to keep it carefully, and some day it might save our lives. I was not to open it until he sent me word directing me."

"Exactly!" exclaimed Belmont jubilantly. "It's our ransom money. Farnley was rich when he came down here, and his money will save us."

"I don't know how much money the package contains," replied Miss Whitlock. "But if it is anything that will save us, I suppose we can use it honestly."

"Certainly," replied Belmont. "Farnley left it for that purpose."

This sudden revelation staggered me. Here undoubtedly was the stolen money, and Belmont, in his early morning search of the closets had stumbled across it. Whitlock, who had been standing quietly back of his sister, turned livid, and seemed unable to speak.

I turned from contemplation of the treasure to Belmont and asked: "Is Yetto out there now?"

"Yes—waiting for his answer."

"Then let me speak to him."

Through the barred and bolted door I could hear the breathing of some one beyond, but the darkness was so great that I could see nothing through the key-hole.

"Colonel Yetto!" I called gently.

"Yes, senor."

"Where will you take us if we give you this money?"

"To Durango or Porto Blanco—anywhere—if ze senor wishes it."

"How can you do that without a boat?"

"There is a boat—a small one on ze other side of ze island. It is waiting now for ze senors and senorita."

"How many will it carry?" I persisted, doubtfully.

"It is large enough for ze party, senor—for six—seven."

"How can we get to it through the soldiers?"

"They not interfere. They obey me, and Colonel Yetto gives his promise."

"How many soldiers have you on the island?"

"Fifty, senor, including ze two guards ze senor wounded yesterday."

My mind worked with feverish anxiety and perplexity. The risk was great, and the treachery of Yetto might mean instant death to us and the loss of the money. I listened intently at the key-hole and strove hard to catch glimpses of what was beyond.

"Colonel Yetto," I called again in a whisper, "are you alone?"

"Yes, senor, all alone," was the whispered reply.

"You're sure there is no one else out there with you."

"There's no one here, senor, with me."

I smiled grimly, for my eyes had finally discerned the shadows of half a dozen armed soldiers posted against the wall.

"Then Colonel Yetto," I said slowly," you can have your answer now. We will not pay you a cent for ransom."

There was an ugly growl and curse outside. Belmont leaped forward and pushed me from the door.

"What do you mean by that, senor?" he demanded angrily.

"That we shall not accept Yetto's offer," I replied firmly.

There was a sharp clutch on my shoul-

FREE TO YOU

LORD'S PRAYER BANGLE PIN

We mean what we say. We will send to you ABSOLUTELY FREE THIS LOVELY BANGLE PIN with the entire Lord's Prayer engraved on it if you will send us 2 cents in stamps to pay for mailing.

REED MFG. CO., 27 Sun St., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

You Can Make $6.00 Per 100 Collecting your neighbors names for our Directory—all kinds of names wanted. Send 10 cents postage for blank book and Outfit—We want a million names quick. CENTRAL TRADING CO., 3661 Archer Ave., DEPT. A 4, CHICAGO.

Spanish Needles, Rods, Goldometers for locating Gold, Silver and hidden treasures. Our instruments are the best. Cat. 2 cents. Miners Supply Co., Palmyra, Pa.

CASH FOR YOUR FUR

no matter where you are. If you trap or buy fur write today for our new plan to make extra $ $ on fur. Corry Hide & Fur Co., P. O. Box K 27, Corry, Pa.

LEARN VETERINARY DENTISTRY and make $2000 a year. We teach you at home in three months of your spare time by illustrated lectures and grant diploma with degree. Particulars free. The Detroit Veterinary Dental College, Detroit, Mich

MAKE MONEY BY RAISING POULTRY. Pleasant and Profitable Work. We will send "Poultry Lessons for the Amateur," postage prepaid, with each yearly subscription to COMMERCIAL POULTRY, at fifty cents a year. Send for free sample. Box 38, Commercial Poultry Publishing Company, Marseilles, Ill.

Why Do The Girls Refuse Me?

375 POST CARD VIEWS FREE

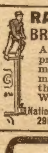
A Grand Collection, California Bathing Girls, Cow Boys and Cow Girls, Yellowstone Park, Yosemite Valley, Grand Canyon, Big Trees, Mt., Love Scenes, Comics, Bathing Beach, Golden Gate, Marine, Pretty Girls, Actresses, Artists' Models, Animals, &c., &c. All new. No two alike. 375 all sent FREE if you send only TEN cents for membership in our Post Card Exchange, which has thousands of members. You'll get hundreds of Pretty Post Cards FREE from all over the world. DON'T MISS GETTING THESE IMMENSE HITS. YOU'LL BE DELIGHTED. Address TEEL ART CO. HURLEYVILLE, N. Y.

MORPHINE

and other drug habits are positively cured by HABITINA. For hypodermic or internal use. Sample sent to any drug habitue Free by mail, in plain wrapper. Regular price $2.00.

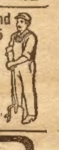
DELTA CHEMICAL COMPANY
1143 Holland Building St. Louis, Mo.

MEN WANTED RELIABLE men in every locality throughout United States to advertise our goods, tacking up show cards on trees, fences, bridges and all conspicuous places; distributing small advertising matter. Commission or salary $90 a month and expenses $3 a day. Steady employment to good, reliable men. We lay out your work for you. No experience needed. Write for full particulars. EMPIRE MEDICINE COMPANY, LONDON, ONTARIO, CANADA.



RAILROAD FIREMEN and BRAKEMEN earn $75 to $115 A MONTH. School conducted by practical, experienced railroad men. We fit you for position by mail and help to place you with the big roads. Course is easy. Write TODAY for free catalog K.

National Correspondence School of Railroading, 29th Street and Michigan Avenue, Chicago.



TO-NIGHT Cascarets

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

10c. 25c. 50c. All Druggists

GOLD TINSELED POSTCARDS WITH YOUR NAME

25 Cards for 12c. This assortment includes many cards that are retailing all over as high as 5 cts. each. They also include 6 beautiful embossed floral cards with your name gold tinseled, and many others. No comics. We are making this great offer to introduce our bargain catalogue which we send with the cards. We will also tell you how you can earn beautiful presents and cash commissions by taking orders for us. Write today as this offer will not last long. Address DAVIS BROS., Postcard Dept. F 35, CHICAGO, ILL.

BOYCE'S EXCHANGE

This catalog of opportunities will interest you. Today you may find a big bargain or the very chance to make money you have been looking for. "Opportunity knocks once at the door of every man." Yours may be here. Read every ad. carefully.

Advertisements cost $1.60 per line, including one insertion in the BLADE and one in the LEDGER of the following week's issue. No advertisement accepted for insertion in either paper alone. A two-line is the smallest and a twelve-line the biggest ad. inserted in this department.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS EARN $25 to $50 per week selling our new styles "Merry Widow" waist patterns. Mexican and Swiss embroidered waists, fancy novelties, etc. Catalogue free. National Importing Co., Desk S. W, 699 Broadway, New York.

BUSINESS CHANCES

EASY MONEY ANYWHERE—Earn $75 to $150 per month working honest schemes. Quit working so hard and use your brains. My book of schemes tells you how. Mail order, agency, office, canvassing and many other schemes. Every one red hot money-makers. Big booklet free tells all about it. Get it to-day. Wm. F. Sister Pub., Laconia, N. H. Mention Boyce's Exchange.

LIVE STOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

BIG PROFIT SELLING NORTHUP'S EGG FOOD makes hens lay as well in winter as in summer. Send 10 cents for sample and testimonials. Geo. H. B. Northup & Son., Raceville, N. Y.

FOUNTAIN PENS

INKLESS FOUNTAIN PEN FREE to any who send 25c. for our book of formulas containing over 350 valuable secrets for quick selling specialties. Ideal Book Co., 630 East Cornwall St., Philadelphia, Pa. Mention Boyce's Exchange.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS: Clerks at Washington and Customs Clerks. Salary $800.00 to $1.600.00. Annual vacation. No "layoffs." Many March examinations. Every one over 16 eligible. Common education sufficient. Candidates prepared free. Write immediately for schedule. Franklin Institute, Dept. B 39, Rochester, N. Y.

REAL ESTATE

WE can sell your property; send description and price. Northwestern Business Agency, Minneapolis, Minn.

TINSELED POST CARDS

SIX TINSEL POSTCARDS, with your name on in gold, silver, red and green, 10 cents. Worth ten cents each. Address W. T. Manning, Madison, Wis.

ELOCUTION AND DRAMATIC ART

ACTING, ELOCUTION, ORATORY. We teach this fascinating and profitable art by mail and prepare you for the stage or speaker's platform. Booklet on Dramatic Art free. Chicago School of Elocution, 135 Grand Opera House, Chicago, Ill.

THEATRICAL GOODS

WIGS AND MAKE-UPS, fifty characters. Write for catalog magic, theatre goods and 100 plays free. Bates Play Co., Dept. 2, Boston, Mass.

STAMPS—COINS—CURIOS

KEEP ALL MONEY coined before 1875. Send 10c at once for our set of two illustrated Coin and Stamp Value Books, size 4x7, showing prices paid for hundreds of old coins and stamps. It may mean your fortune. Write Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Desk 2, Le Roy, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

WANTED men to learn barber trade, thoroughly practical course by free clinic and careful instructions. Catalogue free. Write nearest Branch, Moler System of Colleges, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Cincinnati, Atlanta, New Orleans, Dallas, or San Antonio, Texas.

der, and Belmont's eyes flashed with passion, but his voice was calm and unwavering.

"Senor, you speak only for yourself, and not for the rest of us. I opened negotiations with Yetto, and I shall conclude them."

He turned to the barred door and made a move as if to withdraw the bolts. I caught the right wrist and said:

"Belmont, you must not open that door. Yetto doesn't get in here alive."

Weak from his recent wound, Belmont felt that he was no match for me in a physical contest, and he asked slowly:

"You intend to use force to prevent me?"

"If necessary—yes."

Then realizing that he was wounded I stepped back and added:

"No, I will not use force on you. Unbolt the door, if you wish, but I assure you that I shall shoot Yetto as soon as I get a sight of his face."

Once more we exchanged defiant glances. Belmont hesitated, and then turning his head said:

"I shall appeal to the others. Miss Whitlock, what do you say? Shall we accept Yetto's offer or stay here and run the risk of being killed? You do not place a few American dollars above human life, do you?"

An embarrassed flush mantled the face before us, and the lips opened as if to speak.

"You must remember, Belmont," I interrupted to save Miss Whitlock her unpleasant decision, "that you have nothing but Yetto's word for it that he will carry out the bargain. He may betray us the moment he secures the treasure."

"Do you know this breed better than I do, senor?" was the sneering reply.

I appeared not to notice this question, and continued as if Belmont had not spoken:

"As one evidence of Yetto's treacherous nature, he has lied to me about his soldiers outside. Instead of being alone on the other side of this door, he has a number of soldiers with him stationed along the corridor. I both saw and heard them."

Belmont breathed deeply at this announcement and asked almost incredulously:

"You speak with knowledge, senor?"

"With the best of knowledge," I answered. "My eyes and ears are not likely to deceive me."

Miss Whitlock shuddered and interposed with sudden animation:

"Oh, please do not open the door then. If Yetto deceived us in such a little matter, he could not be trusted."

"As you say, Miss Whitlock," interrupted Belmont. "I had only your safety and comfort in mind when I thought to make this bargain with Yetto."

"I know it, Mr. Belmont," with charming candor and winsome smile on the face. "I appreciate your intentions, and shall not forget it."

The little incident having been closed to my satisfaction, I turned away. Whitlock, who had stood back a silent witness of the controversy, picked up the package which we supposed contained the treasure, and followed me into the adjoining room.

"So Farnley left the money in my sister's care," he said quietly. "I suppose it is all here."

"We might examine it and find out."

"No, I do no care to touch it. It is hateful to me. I deliver it over to you for safe keeping. It is the least I can do to repair the wrong."

I took the package without comment, but under the circumstances I was not inclined to open it then. For the present I considered other questions of more momentous importance. I placed the package in a closet in Miss Whitlock's chamber, and turned to make further preparations for a siege or sudden attack.

CHAPTER XV.

It was not quite clear what move Yetto would make next. Baffled in his attempt to secure the treasure, a spirit of revenge would undoubtedly influence his future movements to a considerable extent. But the greed for money might after all dominate all other emotions and make him slow and crafty in his attack. There was of course the danger of Farnley appearing on the island at any moment, and this would be no less pleasing to Yetto, I inferred, than to us. It was to Yetto's interest that we should be captured before the Secretary of State arrived, if he was to secure the money for himself.

Therefore, I was less concerned in our preparations for a long siege than for making a stout resistance when an attack should be made. I walked around from window to window and door to door, strengthening the barricade here and there, and taking such precautions against a sudden assault as the emergency seemed to demand.

If the attack was made it would certainly come from two sides, partly to divert our attention from the real assault, and partly to develop our weakest point. Everything depended upon the prompt and effective resistance we could offer at the very beginning of the attack.

Within ten minutes after the termination of our unpleasant controversy, Miss Whitlocked called from the front window:

"Here comes Yetto with more soldiers!"

We clustered around the window opening upon the front plaza. Just below us we could see a double file of soldiers marching toward the main entrance, with Yetto in the lead. The fact that he made no attempt to conceal his movements convinced me that he had decided upon forcing an entrance by sheer weight of numbers and brute force.

"I will watch the main corridor," I said briefly, assuming command. "Belmont will guard the broken window, and Whitlock the back door. We cannot tell from which quarter the main attack will come."

I believed that the front door, opening into the wide corridor, would be Yetto's chief point of assault, for with the door once broken down there would be a wider field of operation for his men than in the narrow back corridor or on the window ledge where Belmont was stationed. I was not wholly disappointed in this conclusion. Within five minutes a shower of blows, delivered by some heavy instrument, was rained upon the stout door. The locks and bolts rattled in their sockets, but they withstood the assault bravely. Then a stout upper panel of the door was splintered, and the sharp edge of an axe appeared.

There had been no words from the men outside, not even an order of command. It was a grim, relentless attack in which Yetto was undoubtedly the leading spirit. With the slight loophole in the broken panel, I could get a fair view of my enemies, and also an excellent chance to interrupt them in their work. By closing the door back of me, I shrouded the inside corridor in darkness, while the men outside were working in a strong light. This gave me a decided advantage.

I stepped to the broken panel and fired point blank at one of the attacking force. He dropped with a groan, and the others hastily sprang back. It was apparent that they had not expected any such danger as this, and it required all of Yetto's angry commands to make them return to the attack. But the first blow on the door was a signal for me to resume hostilities. The second man fell with a shriek, and following up the advantage I hit another in the arm, while he rushed for cover. The attacking force suddenly became panic-stricken and hurried from the door, followed by several more quick shots from me.

The quietness which prevailed outside, however, I considered ominous. Yetto was not the kind to desist so easily. I had missed him in the flight. A deep breathing outside convinced me that some of the men were crouching close to the door directly under the broken panel. In this position I could not see nor reach them. What their purpose was I could not guess.

I was watching and listening eagerly, vainly striving to ascertain the meaning of this quietness, when suddenly the hole in the broken panel was darkened. I stepped back none too quickly. Even while I divined the intention of the man a blinding flash entered through the hole and a bullet buried itself in the wall back of me. A moment's hesitation in drawing back would have settled my fate.

Alert and ready for any chance to deliver a crushing blow to the enemy, I immediately glanced through the hole. A head was slowly rising up and it quickly obscured the light outside. It was too much like murder to fire at such close range, and I let the opportunity pass. The eye which was applied to the hole could not see much in the darkened corridor, and I let it roam around unhindered.

There was a grunt of satisfaction outside, the head disappeared from the hole, and when I reached it I saw the retreating figure of Yetto. It was he who had crouched near the door and had attempted to blow my head off. It was he also, whose life I had spared in refraining from what I considered murder. But now the conditions were changed, and I fired quickly at the retreating figure. But the angle of the corridor concealed him so well from view that I was not certain whether my shot had taken effect.

With the outside corridor finally cleared of all the men, I breathed easier. I felt reasonably safe from attack from that quarter for the present. Yet Yetto had the bull-dog tenacity of the half-breed, and would not desist so long as he could make his men obey him. It all depended upon which they considered the most dangerous—Yetto's anger or my bullets.

When I turned around the door leading to the inner rooms was opened, and Miss Whitlock stood facing me.

"Do not come here," I warned. "The battle is not over, and they may return to the attack any moment."

Then remembering that I had been guarding only one side of our prison, I asked uneasily:

"Have they made an attack on the other side?"

I did not wait for any response, but strode past her to ascertain for myself. For an instant the blinding light dazzled my eyes, but when accustomed to the change I asked in surprise:

"Where is Belmont?"

Instead of Belmont guarding the window I saw two faces close to the broken window, and the muzzle of a gun protruding between the iron bars. The gun exploded almost simultaneously with my discovery, but fortunately I had time to spring in front of Miss Whitlock and meet the attack. The discharge of the gun was somewhat disquieting, and for an instant I was dazed by it. But before it could be withdrawn I had fired at close range and had the satisfaction of seeing two dark faces fall back precipitately. When I reached the window, I saw several soldiers retreating so rapidly that they impeded each other's way. Several shots directed toward them tended to increase their panic.

"Where is Belmont?" I demanded again sternly, wheeling around.

As if in response to my question, the door leading into the back corridor opened, and Belmont and Whitlock appeared with somewhat startled faces.

"Senor, I confess to dereliction of duty," Belmont stammered, a little sheepishly. "I stepped into the corridor but for a moment to speak to Senor Whitlock. I had no intention of deserting my post."

"I, too, was partly to blame," confessed Whitlock, a white, troubled face expressing his chagrin. "I thought there was no danger of an attack on this side."

I could not reply as angrily as I felt, their mutual confession disarming me.

"It must not happen again," was all I said. "Another minute and this room would have been swarming with soldiers."

"It seems that you have given them a pretty severe check, senor," Belmont remarked looking out of the window.

(Continued on page ten.)

24 COMIC INVISIBLE WIZARD PICTURES AND MAGIC FRAME
A BARREL OF FUN FOR 10¢
This Wonderfully Amazing
Fun Maker Camera
Produces portraits of your sweetheart and comic pictures of your friends from apparently blank sheets of Mystic Paper. Makes everybody laugh and wonder. Send 10c today and receive this marvelous fun producing novelty camera by return mail. WITCHCRAFT CO. Dept. B. Chicago, Ill.

MENDING TISSUE. The Wonder of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; three packages, 25 cents. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

TRAPPERS
Make More Money.
Copy of monthly magazine, Hunter - Trader - Trapper, 128 or more pages, about steel traps, snares, deadfalls, trapping secrets, raw furs, dogs, ginseng, big game hunting, etc., 10 cents. Catalog describing magazine and books on Trapping, Prospecting, Bee Hunting, Ginseng, Growing, etc., Free. Address at once
A. R. HARDING PUB. CO., Box 479, COLUMBUS, Ohio, U. S. A.

HUNTING CASE GENTS OR LADIES SIZE
This ELEGANT Watch $3.75
Before you buy a watch cut this out and send to us with your name and address, and we will send you by express for examination a handsome WATCH AND CHAIN C. O. D. $3.75. Double hunting case beautifully engraved, stem wind and stem set, fitted with a richly jeweled movement and guaranteed a correct timekeeper, with long Gold plated chain for Ladies or vest chain for Gents. If you consider it equal to any $35 GOLD FILLED WATCH Warranted 20 YEARS pay the express agent $3.75 and it is yours. Our 20 year guarantee sent with each watch. Mention if you want Gents' or Ladies' size. Address
H. C. FARBER, E10, 225 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS
Why despair, if others have failed; send at once for a treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O. address,
W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St New York

Earn a Month's Salary
In a Few Days.
You can do it. A few hours' work daily makes it possible for any man to develop a business that will give him an income of $4.00 to $8.00 a day clear profit and be his own boss. You simply take orders and measures for our medium-priced suits, overcoats and trousers, for Spring and Summer, 1909. Suits and overcoats $10.00 and up; trousers $3.00 and up. We supply everything necessary to give you a good start, including 200 samples arranged in an attractive manner in a traveling case. Write for further particulars and territory. WARRINGTON WOOLEN & WORSTED MILLS, Dept. 8, 175 Adams Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

I WILL HELP YOU CURE YOURSELF OF KIDNEY, BLADDER OR RHEUMATIC TROUBLE, FREE

I will send you free treatment and give you simple instructions how to cure yourself in your home without cost. Write today.

MRS. WALKER.

DR. LYNOTT.

MR. MERRICK.

Dr. Lynott's great medical book, describing these diseases, as well as the addresses of several hundred of his cured patients, are also sent free to all who write him.

So that all who suffer from kidney trouble, bladder trouble or rheumatism may know without expense that at last a genuine and reliable cure for these diseases has been found, I will send to any victim of these ailments a free treatment and such simple instructions that anyone can cure himself at home, free. I say free and I mean free. I will make no charge; you have only to write me a letter, giving me your symptoms and telling me how you feel and I will do as I promise.

To give free treatment is the best way to prove my claims. I bear the expense. You have simply to take my treatment as directed and you will know that I can cure you. You will owe me nothing now or later when cured. It is my free gift to the thousands of uric acid sufferers, and I want all to take advantage of it. I have devoted my life to the cure of these diseases. I am in a position to help you and my help will cost you nothing.

Write me a letter today, describing your condition in your own words, and I will send you a free treatment for it. Some of the leading symptoms of a kidney, bladder or rheumatic disease are:

1. Pain in the back.
2. Too frequent desire to urinate.
3. Burning or obstruction of urine.
4. Pain or soreness in the bladder.
5. Prostatic trouble.
6. Gas or pain in the stomach.
7. General debility, weakness, dizziness.
8. Pain and soreness under right ribs.
9. Swelling in any part of the body.
10. Constipation or liver trouble.
11. Palpitation or pain under the heart.
12. Pain in the hip joint.
13. Pain in the neck or head.
14. Pain or soreness in the kidneys.
15. Pain or swelling of the joints.
16. Pain and swelling of the muscles.
17. Pain and soreness in nerves.
18. Acute or chronic rheumatism.

You can describe your condition in your own way or you can give the numbers of the symptoms in the coupon and send the coupon to me and the free treatment and instructions will be sent you just the same. My address is Dr. T. Frank Lynott, 2318 Occidental Building, Chicago, Ill.

I am asking you for no money. All I ask is the privilege of proving to the afflicted that I can and will cure kidney, bladder and rheumatic trouble in a simple, scientific, painless way; that I can stop the painful backache, the swelling flesh, the inflamed bladder, the torturing rheumatism. I am successful with old and young, those who have just become sick and those who have suffered for years.

Since I ask for no money write me today and you will be surprised to see how easy it is to cure you when the right remedies, whose purity I have vouched for to the U. S. Government, are sent you, and when a doctor gives you the right advice. I will give you the right remedies and right advice and charge you nothing, so correspond with me today.

Write a letter or send the coupon, or do both.

Dr. T. Frank Lynott,
2318 Occidental Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

I notice symptoms number ____________

(Here put down the numbers.)

I will be obliged to you for a free treatment and any instructions and advice you think necessary for the cure of my case. My age is ________

Kindly address me

____

____

____

Please write your address plainly; or write your address on a separate piece of paper and pin the coupon on.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh.

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no use of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-four years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of them. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased membranes and makes a radical cure, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 27 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

True Happiness.

Mrs. Muggers—I see a prominent society belle is dead. If there ever was a perfectly blissful existence on earth, she enjoyed it while she lived.

Mr. Muggers—Because she was a society belle?

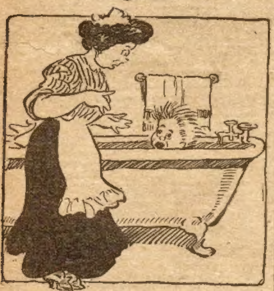
Mrs. Muggers—No. Because she was engaged twenty-four times and never married.

FINE POST CARDS FREE.

A Big Package Sent to All of Our Readers Who Write at Once.

To any reader of this paper who writes immediately and incloses 2-cent stamp we will mail a set of three most beautiful post cards you ever saw. Or we will send our big magazine on trial 3 months and set of eight choice Floral Motto, Birthday and Friendship cards, all different, in exquisite colors, silk finish, beautifully embossed, all for only 10 cents; 3 full sets, 24 cards all different, and one year's subscription, 25 cents. Address Household Postcard Dept., 92 Capper Bldg., Topeka Kan.

Logical.



Nurse—Yes, Tommy, you must keep your mouth shut when you're in the water or else you'll swallow some of it.

Tommy—Huh! What if I do? There's lots more in the pipes, ain't there?

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream sand Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Lost and Found.

Mrs. De Shopper (breathlessly)—Did I leave my purse here? I've lost it somewhere.

Clerk (who had worked an hour showing Mrs. De Shopper goods without being able to sell her anything)—I will inquire, madam. Cash! Cash! Here a minute! Did any of you boys find an empty purse anywhere around here this morning?

J. P.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take JUVEN PILLS. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by its originators, C. I. HOOD CO., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, LOWELL, MASS. (z)

Sure Thing.

"Where are you going, ma?" asked the youngest of five children, from his bed.

"I'm going to a surprise party, my dear," answered the mother.

"Can't we go, too?"

"No, my dear. You weren't invited."

After a few moments of deep thought, during which the mother was bidding the others good night:

"Say, ma, don't you think they'd be lots more surprised if you took us all?"

An Outside View.

First Domestic—Does your new missus move in society?

Second Domestic—Well, if ye worked fer her a while ye'd think so. She don't know enough t' last 'er over Sunday.

TICKLISH

The Musical Office-Boy.

The passionate rhythms of "The Merry Widow" waltz floated through the office, and the boss looked up from his desk impatiently.

"Frederick," he said, "I wish you wouldn't whistle at your work."

"I ain't workin', sir," the office-boy replied calmly. "I'm only just whistlin'."

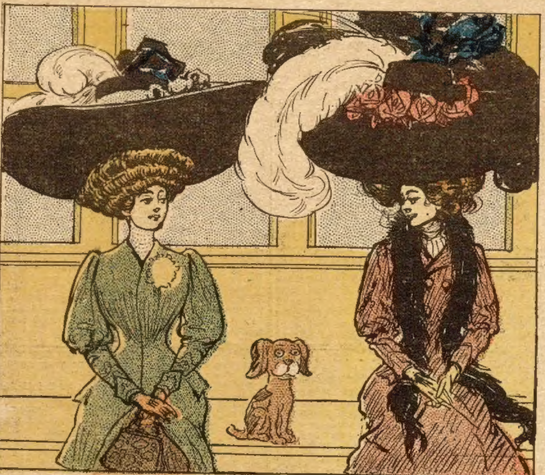
The Limit.

Impassioned Lover—Tell me, my angel, what to do to prove my love. Oh, that I might, like some knight of old, battle for you, suffer for you, die for you!

Sweet Girl—I wish you would give up smoking.

Impassioned Lover—Oh, come, now, that's asking too much.

SHE KNEW HIM.



Clara—I hear that you are going to marry Tom Swiftpace. Congratulations.
Edith—But I'm not going to marry him.
Clara—Then sincere congratulations.

She Tumbled to It.

"My affianced bride is in the hospital and I am the cause of it!" lamented the prospective bridegroom.

"How is that?" inquired his friend.

"You see," he explained, "I went to her house to ask her to be my wife. She was upstairs at the time, and when she appeared at the head of the stairs, for fear I'd lose my nerve when she got closer, I called up, 'Deary, will you marry me?' "

"Well?"

"She tumbled all the way downstairs."

Slightly Alarmed.

"I hope you came out of that horse-trade with a clear conscience."

"Yes," answered Si Smiling, "but it kind o' worries me. My conscience is so onusually clear that I can't help feelin' I must o' got the wust o' the trade."

A Hunter in Luck.

"Did Tom have any luck hunting tigers in India?"

"Yes—great luck."

"How?"

"He didn't meet any tigers."

The Main Task.

Mrs. Stubb—A regiment of women soldiers would look wonderfully imposing, John. You wouldn't have any trouble telling them to fall in.

Mr. Stubb—No, but you'd have a lot of trouble keeping them from falling out, Maria.

Slight Variation.

Mrs. A.—When you were first married you used to call your husband "dear."

Mrs. Z.—Yes, and now I call him "d-ee-r."

Mrs. A.—Gracious, and why?

Mrs. Z.—Because he goes to so many stag parties.

NOT WHAT HE THINKS HE IS.

The man that doesn't toil or spin
To meet his earthly need
May think he's in the lily class,
But he's just a measly weed.

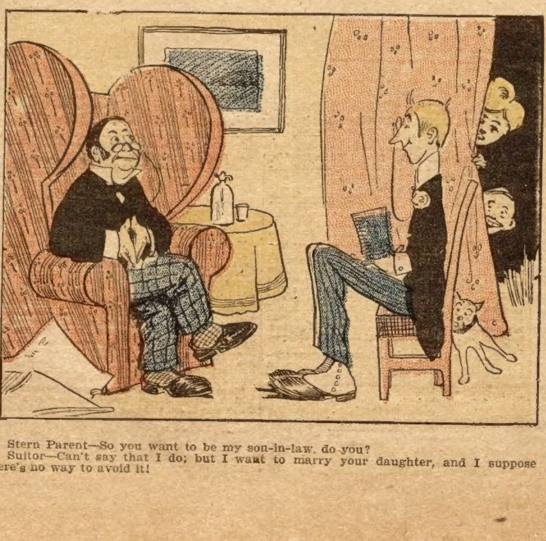
An Effective Cure.

Gyer—Lightning recently struck a man in Kansas and cured him of dyspepsia.

Myer—How do you know?

Gyer—His widow told me.

A KNOCK FOR PAPA.



Stern Parent—So you want to be my son-in-law, do you?
Suitor—Can't say that I do; but I want to marry your daughter, and I suppose there's no way to avoid it!

Her Groundless Fears.

Clara (with emotion)—George, are you sure you will always love me?

George (fervently)—While life lasts, my own.

Clara (suppressing a tear)—George, if trials and tribulations should come——

George (amazed)—My heart is yours alone, my love, and always will be.

Clara (sobbing)—George, are you sure, perfectly sure, that nothing—nothing at all—could cool your affection?

George (thoroughly alarmed)—My gracious! What's happened? Has your father failed?

Clara (hysterically)—Worse! Far worse!

George (much relieved)—Tell me all, my angel; I can bear it.

Clara (with a heroic effort)—George, I've—I've got a—a boil coming—coming on my nose.

Wasn't Taking Chances.

Sam Sleek—It's dead easy to make money when you know how.

Tom Toots—Do you know how?

Sam Sleek—Sure.

Tom Toots—Why don't you make some?

Sam Sleek—I'm afraid I might get caught while trying to pass it.

Need of System.

Washerwoman—Please, mum, I've brought your wash.

Patron—Well, take it to some one else, and leave me some one else's wash. I think if you will manage that way I'll get more of my things.

Gentle Hint.

Jack—Every night I would stand under her window and give a slight cough.

Dick—And you have ceased?

Jack—Had to. The neighbors started bombarding me with packages of cough drops.

A Different Haul.

She—I wonder what young De Vere means when he speaks of his ancestral halls?

He—He probably means his ancestral hauls. His father used to be a 'bus driver.

TRUTH ABOUT STOCK TONICS.

Every Stockman or Even Every Owner of a Horse or Cow Is Interested in the Truth About Stock Tonics.

A stock tonic is not a medicine, a cure, a remedy, but an aid to the digestive and assimilative processes of nutrition. It is thus a preventive of disease. A rightly compounded stock tonic simply supplies the animal artificially with certain necessary elements for the perfect regulation of the processes of nutrition.

Note that we say a rightly compounded tonic. For either an excess or a lack of certain ingredients depreciates the value of a tonic just as an incorrectly balanced feed lowers its nutritive value.

There is no secret about the composition of the well-known stock tonics. Indeed most states have laws requiring that the ingredients of the contents be plainly printed on every package.

The exact proportion of certain elements differ in different brands, but the approximate proportions are known to most stockmen, or can be obtained from the national department of agriculture, or from the different state experiment stations.

The question then arises, why cannot a farmer make his own tonics? He can just as he can make his own clothing, if he can spend the time, get the correct proportions and accomplish the most effective combination. For it must be remembered that the right amount of each material simply put together in some sort of a way does not make an effective stock tonic. Not only must the proportions be correct, but the condition of each ingredient must be right and its consistency such that it will properly blend with all the others. The makers of stock tonics have the proportions and the proper consistency of the elements "down fine" and the thrifty stockman knows that he is not only buying the right material in a reputable stock tonic, but he is also buying the skill and experience it takes to compound the tonic correctly.

On the back page of this paper the Wilbur Stock Food Co., Dept. 476, Milwaukee, Wis., makes a liberal offer which should be investigated by all owners of stock.

TACKLES

Liberal.

Husband—What reasons have you for thinking Mrs. Blank liberal in her religious views?

Wife—Why, she contributed a cake to a rival church affair.

THREE OF A KIND

Dropped Coffee, Picked Up Postum, and Health.

The harmful action of caffeine—the drug in coffee and tea—is the same in all cases, it is only a matter of degree.

One person may suffer more in the way of heart palpitation, sour stomach, nervousness, or insomnia, than another, but the poison is there all the time, if one continues to drink coffee or tea.

A Penn. lady and two friends learned the truth about coffee in the same way. The lady writes:

"About four years ago I had an attack of nervous prostration and a great deal of trouble with my heart. Sometimes feared I was dying, and my doctor seemed unable to find out the cause of my trouble.

"I would frequently wake at night with these attacks and the doctor said there was some constant irritation of the nerves, and he began to think some organic disease was at work.

"One day I was told of a case very similar to mine, and that the woman could find no relief until she stopped using coffee. I did not like the idea of giving up coffee, for I was very fond of it.

"Having read frequently of Postum, I determined to try it. It certainly made a great change in me. Those spells left me entirely.

"My most intimate friend was afflicted as I was. In fact, the similarity of our afflictions drew us together in the first place. When she saw the great change Postum had made in me she tried it and was benefited as I was.

"The beneficial effects of Postum on us two induced a neighbor to follow our example and so we are three of a kind who can't say enough in praise of Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Little Fellow's Suggestion.

It was his first Sunday school, and he sat in the infants' department, eagerly watching the superintendent illustrate the lesson on the board.

The superintendent drew the path to Heaven—one straight line—and started the figure of a man on it. Gradually the man became larger and larger, and finally when he arrived at the gate of Heaven he could not get in.

The superintendent turned to his small audience and, in a tragical and sorrowful tone, said:

"You see, he is so puffed up with sin that he cannot enter."

"Try him sideways, mister, try him sideways," came the small, shrill voice from the infants' department.

Santa Claus' Queer Way.

Little Bob (musingly)—There's one funny thing about Santa Claus.

Little Willie—What's that?

Little Bob—Why, you may ask him for whatever you want, but you'll never get anything but what your people think is good for you.

Noah's Pencil.

Englishman (in British Museum)—This book, sir, was once owned by Cicero.

American Tourist—Pshaw! that's nothing. Why, in one of our American museums we have the lead-pencil which Noah used to check off the animals as they came out of the ark.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Stage-manager—Mr. Heavy, you will take the part of Alonzo.

Mr. Heavy—I have never seen this play. Do you think I can please the audience in that part?

Stage-manager—Immensely. You die in the first act.

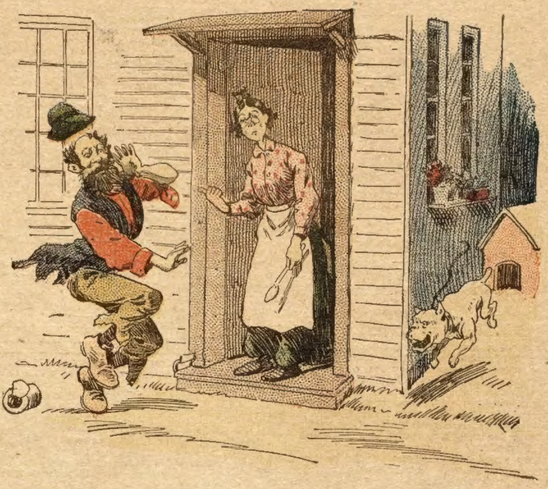
An Enterprising Journalist.

Country Editor—Jim, I understand that old stone building at the crossroads is to be torn down.

The Printer—Yep, they begin tomorrow.

Country Editor—Well, just slip around and put a live toad in the wall. We must have something to fill up with this week.

SHE HAD.



Wandering Willy—Have you anything in the eating line you can offer a poor man who is footing it to Chicago?

Housewife—Certainly. Here, Tige!

Kind-Hearted Bridget.

Cooking-school Girl—Bridget, what did you do with that cake I baked yesterday? Mr. Finefello is here, and I want to give him some.

Bridget—Well, mum, I'll get it fur ye if ye say so; but sure it isn't me wud be discooragin' a noice young man like that.

Warming the Thermometer.

Doctor—The room seems cold, Mrs. Hooligan. Have you kept the thermometer at 70, as I told you?

Mrs. Hooligan—Shure, an' Oi hev, docthor. There's th' thing in a toombler av warrum wather at this blissed minnut.

A Changed Man.

Friend—Hello, Pat! I scarcely knew you with your whiskers off.

Pat—The same wid me, me bhoy; I didn't know meself when I looked into the glass, except by me voice.

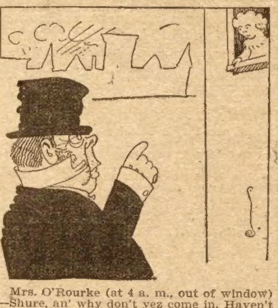
Common Ailment.

Giles—Peckem has a bad case of matrimonial dyspepsia.

Miles—How's that?

Giles—His wife doesn't agree with him.

His Idea.



Mrs. O'Rourke (at 4 a. m., out of window)—Shure, an' why don't yez come in. Haven't yez got a key?

Mr. O'Rourke (loaded)—I know that, but it's a night key. Yez'll have to throw me down a day key.

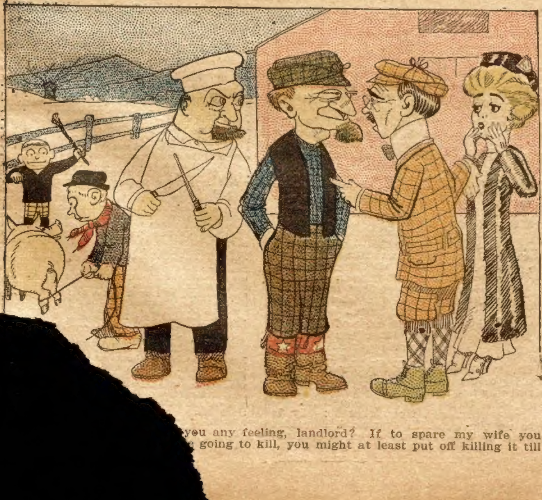
A Jolly Tramp.

"Why don't you vamose? I said no."

"Ah, madam, a beautiful woman's no often means yes."

He got the cold bite for which he was pleading, and it was even warmed over for him.

HEARTLESS.



you any feeling, landlord? If to spare my wife you
going to kill, you might at least put off killing it till

Among the Wise Ones.

Gunner—I am thinking about making a trip to New York. They say you can do Wall street in an hour.

Guyer—Yes, and Wall street can do you in two or three minutes.

AGENTS WANTED

EARN $7 DAILY SELLING

DR HAUX FAMOUS PERFECT VISION SPECTACLES

Finest on earth. Write for special agents and dealers terms. DR. HAUX SPECTACLE CO., Box115, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS Good pay and steady work for house-to-house canvassers. Address Washeasy Co., 485 Troy St., Chicago, Ill.

LEARN to make Mirrors and make big money at home Partic. forstamp. MacMasters, D36, Peru, Ind

AGENTS—$75 monthly. Combination Rolling Pin. NINE ARTICLES COMBINED. Lightning seller. Sample Free. FORSHEE MFG. CO., Box 300, DAYTON, O.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK and EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., Dept. D 67, PARSONS, KANS.

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. HERBENE AGENCY CO., Box 282, Sta'n L, New York

AGENTS WANTED to sell pocket knives with name and photo on handle; write for terms. Morris Cutlery Co., Morris, Ill., P.O.Box A

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290—80 W. Adams St., Chicago.

WE HAVE BEST PROPOSITION ever offered on Fancy, Catchy Waists; styles season ahead of anything in your town. Write for particulars. Queen Quality Co., Dept. K, St. Louis, U.S.A.

$18 to $30 A WEEK SURE. Farmers "Ever-Ready" Tool Kit does it. 10 TOOLS IN ONE M.D. Finch made $27 in 9 hrs. Had no experience. You can do it too. FREE SAMPLES to workers. Foote Mfg. Co. Dept. 702, Dayton, Ohio

AGENTS BIG PROFITS selling our 6, 7 and 8-piece Kitchen Cutlery Sets; one agent made $35 in one day: outfit free to workers; men or women. Metalware Mfg. Co., Main & 5th, Dayton, O.

WE PAY $80 A MONTH SALARY and furnish rig and all expenses to introduce poultry and stock powders; new plan; steady work. Address BIGLER COMPANY, X418, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

Sell Tobacco and Cigars Locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Experience unnecessary—we give full instructions. Address MOROTOCK TOBACCO WORKS, Box 818, DANVILLE, VIRGINIA

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1016 Detroit, Mich.

MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to advertise our goods, tack up showcards in all conspicuous places and distribute small advertising matter. Commission or salary $83 per month and expenses $4 per day. Steady work the year round; entirely new plan; no experience required. Write for particulars. ROYAL REMEDY CO., London, Ont., Canada.

MAKE MONEY EASY. Agents wanted in every county to sell the popular Novelty Knives, with name, address, photo, lodge emblem, etc., on handle. Send stamp for catalog. AGENTS EARN $75 to $300 A MONTH. (We show you how.) Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. Write quick for our liberal money making special offer to agents. Our new self-sharpening scissors are the quickest sellers for lady agents. NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 23 BAR STREET., CANTON, O.

"I MADE $12 PER DAY Selling This 7-Piece Kitchen Set" From sworn statement of H. S. CUNNINGHAM. AGENTS are coining money—selling from 50 to 500 sets per week. You can do it. Send your address today and let us PROVE IT. Experience unnecessary. We show you how to make $3 to $10 a day. OUTFIT FREE to workers. THOMAS MFG. CO. 422 Home Bldg. Dayton, Ohio

BIG MAIL FREE

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an Agents' Directory List containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agents' Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Dirctory List as above stated. Write today. Address

AGENTS' DIRECTORY LIST,
INDIANA, INDIANA COUNTY, PA

AWOMAN'S LOVE

And Sympathy For Her Own Sex Leads Her to Devote Her Life to Relieve Their Suffering

TREATMENT FREE FOR THE ASKING

Dr. Luella McKinley Derbyshire, the most widely-known lady physician in the world, now offers to you, sick and suffering sister, a FREE trial treatment, and the benefit of her long years of experience in scientifically treating leucorrhoea, displacement, ulceration or inflammation of the womb; disease of the ovaries; barrenness; irregular, delayed, profuse or painful menstruation; backache, bloating, nervous prostration, sick headaches and the many other ills so common to the sex. Middle-aged ladies passing through that painful and depressing period, the change of life, find relief. If you are suffering let the doctor help you. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING to Try Her HOME TREATMENT. Write today describing your case fully. "A valuable medical pamphlet FREE to every woman applying for the free treatment." Address DR. LUELLA McKINLEY DERBYSHIRE, Box 370 Fort Wayne, Indiana.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results

SPORTING GOODS OF ALL KINDS. Dice, Cards, etc. Catalogue Free. NATIONAL SUPPLY CO., Box 100 Edina, Mo.

32 NICE POST CARDS, different sorts, and a good magazine for one year. The WHOLE THING for only 10c WATSON & CO., 3661 ARCHER AVE., DEPT. 4, CHICAGO, ILL.

THINK OF IT! An Enlarged Portrait, Framed, for 55 cents. Write for terms. Life is short! Do it now! NATIONAL PORTRAIT CO., - Chicago, Ill.

2941 Hidden Name, Friendship, Silk Fringe, Envelope and all other kinds of CARDS and premium Articles. Sample Album of Finest Cards and Biggest Premium List, all for a 2 cent stamp. OHIO CARD COMPANY, CADIZ, OHIO.

JUST OUT! Low-PRICED, 3-LB. MOP; turn crank to wring; clean hands. Women all buy; 150 % to Agents. Catalog free. U. S. MOP CO., 204 Main St., LEIPSIC, O.

25 LOVERS' POST CARDS and Name Cards No two alike. Finest ever published. Love Letters, Love Verses, Love Scenes, Friendship Greetings, Floral Mottoes, Pretty Girls, Birthday, Acquaintance and Escort Cards, also other new styles sure to please. All sent postpaid with Big Illustrated Catalogue of Cards and Premiums, for only 10 cents. COLUMBUS CARD CO., 204 F St., Columbus, Ohio

These Two Rings FREE Sell 20 Lamp Wicks, 5c. each. Send money and we will give 2 Rings or other presents. Cash Premiums if desired. Address MINERAL WICK CO., 72 PINE ST., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

EXCHANGE POST CARDS Have your name printed in the Union Post Card Exchange, from which you will receive post cards from all over the world and a fine 1909 post card, the latest out, all for 20c in silver. Send at once so as to get your name in the February Exchange. Union Post Card Exchange, Box 292, Mt. Union, Pa.

WANTED—YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN to learn telegraphy, at home, by our easy, practical correspondence method. No charge for tuition until position is secured. We are unable to supply the demand for telegraph operators. Write us at once for our special offer. MICHIGAN BUSINESS INSTITUTE, 679 Institute Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich.

GOLD TEETH THE LATEST FAD Fill your own teeth. A Gold plated shell that fits any tooth. Easily adjusted; removed at will. Looks like regular dentists' work. Fools them all. Over two million sold. Everybody wants a gold tooth. Price 10 cents each, 4 for 25 cents, 12 for 60 cents. D.D. FARGO, FRENCHTOWN, N. J.

Latest Book "Profitable Poultry," Best illustrated Poultry book, describes, largest, most successful Poultry Farm in U. S., 45 VARIETIES, pure-bred Poultry. Beautiful, hardy and money makers. Thousands to chose from. Lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators, etc. Sent for 4 cents. Berry's Poultry Farm, Box 140 Clarinda, Ia.

FREE WATCH—RING and CHAIN WE POSITIVELY give FREE to BOYS and GIRLS A BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN-MADE STEM-WIND and STEM-SET, GOLD PLATED, RICHLY ENGRAVED WATCH, proper size, GUARANTEED 5 years. Also GOLD PLATED ring, set with two sparkling stones, for selling 20 jewelry articles at 10c each. Order jewelry now. When sold send $2 and we will send watch, ring and chain free.—Dale Watch Co., Dept. 26 Chicago

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL without a cent deposit, prepay the freight and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL.
IT ONLY COSTS one cent to learn our unheard of prices and marvelous offers on highest grade 1909 model bicycles.
FACTORY PRICES Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you write for our large Art Catalog and learn our wonderful proposition on first sample bicycle going to your town.
RIDER AGENTS everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We Sell cheaper than any other factory.
Tires, Coaster-Brakes, single wheels, parts, repairs and sundries at half usual prices. Do Not Wait; write today for our special offer.
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. D53 CHICAGO

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets, the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets will cure you.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON
Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 963 Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay.

Horace Whitlock's Sister.

(Continued from page seven.)

"The time has come to let them know that we're in earnest, and not playing war."

"Then you give up all hopes of a compromise, senor?"

"I have never entertained such an idea from the first."

"But it may be wise to consider it even now. Yetto is a half-breed, and is playing for high stakes. He knows if Senor Farnley comes here he will lose all, and half a loaf is better than none for such a fellow."

The words irritated me, and I did not answer. Belmont's mind was still dwelling upon the treasure and the possibility of purchasing our freedom with it. How far he would let such an idea possess him and influence his judgment I could not guess, but it gave me a new source of anxiety. Besides, what important mission had he and Whitlock in the other room at such a critical moment. It dawned upon me that possibly they were hatching some conspiracy to make a deal with Yetto when my back was turned.

I walked back to my place of duty with some uneasy misgivings. I found Miss Whitlock standing in the dark corridor. She looked up when I approached and said simply:

"I was watching here until you returned."

"You shouldn't stay here," I answered a little roughly, but admiring her courage. "A stray bullet might hit you any moment."

"But all must help, and I shall do my share."

The face was white, but the eyes were not dimmed by any cowardice.

"I do not doubt your courage, Miss Whitlock, but it is entirely unnecessary to expose yourself yet. Later there may be a need for all of us to join in."

"You can count on me then, Mr. Ardsley, I have my own pistol, and I shall use it."

CHAPTER XVI.

The day proved uneventful, confirming our belief that Yetto would wait until night to make the next attack under the cover of darkness. We could see the soldiers idly watching the windows, but always at a safe distance, and on the rocks and sand below others were loafing or playing games. Occasionally an officer would appear and either give orders to stir them up or enter companionably in the game with them. To all appearances life was not a period of work and stress for them. They accepted their lot with idle tolerance, enjoying the sunshine and the warmth of the gulf winds.

The calm peacefulness of the scene did not indicate strife or rebellion of any kind, and it was somewhat difficult to associate the two together. As far as the eye could see the blue waters of the Gulf rippled and rolled gently to the soft purr of the breezes. The tropical trees and dense vegetation were quiet fixtures of the scene which refreshed the eyes.

The day proved long and irritating to us. Our nerves were somewhat strained by the suppressed excitement and enforced idleness. The sense of lack of harmony in our midst tended to increase the tension. Several times Belmont and I were on the point of bitter retorts, and our tempers were severely put to the test.

Watching the outdoor scene of idleness, I once remarked:

"Our isolation here will keep Farnley from any knowledge of our escape from his prison. I suppose that is one thing in our favor, for I fear Farnley more than I do Yetto."

"But he may come at any moment," Belmont retorted. "I should think it a wiser policy to make our terms with Yetto before Farnley arrives.'

"What could he do for us?" I asked irritably. "He'd turn us loose among this rabble or throw us into an underground prison."

"Yetto said he had a boat on the north side of the island large enough to carry us to the mainland under the cover of darkness."

"Yes, but that's probably another one of his lies."

"The senor is inclined to suspect treachery from every one," was the sneering answer. "A little more trust in human nature might help matters a good deal. Yetto is in command here, and he could easily take us to the other side of the island after dark."

I did not respond, and Belmont drummed idly upon the window frame. Whitlock and his sister were talking apart at the other end of the room. Suddenly a wild and daring thought entered my mind. Suppose after all Yetto was honest, and intended to conduct us safely to the mainland by night in return for the stolen treasure? Was I justified in refusing to accept his offer and thereby jeopardizing the lives of all?

This thought tormented me, and swayed by doubt and uncertainty I mused aloud, but more to myself than to Belmont.

"I'm half inclined to investigate it."

Not following my train of thought Belmont looked up inquiringly.

"I mean the question of the boat on the other side of the island," I added in explanation. "I could steal out of here under the cover of darkness and return without being seen."

"Venture out alone?—and leave us?" was the incredulous query.

I nodded affirmatively, still abstracted and forming my plans.

"It's risky, senor. You might never return."

"We're taking a good deal of risk staying here," I answered.

"Exactly, senor, and that is why I wish to bribe Yetto. That, to me, seems the lesser risk."

Harping on this subject annoyed me, and I answered with some asperity: "Bribing Yetto is out of the question certainly without some evidence of his sincerity. If I find a boat ready on the other side of the island large enough to take us all to Porto Blanco, I will yield a point, and trust our lives in Yetto's hands."

Belmont's face brightened, but almost immediately he replied with a frown creasing his brow:

"I don't know, senor. The scheme seems dangerous to slip out there alone."

The risk was mine, and I did not reply, but a moment later when I had informed the others of my hastily formed plans Miss Whitlock gazed seriously at me, and echoed Belmont's fears.

"Suppose you could not get back?" she faltered.

"I shall return. I'm not a deserter."

"It isn't that," with a flush, "but if they should kill or capture you?"

"I shall go prepared for such a contingency. I have faced worse situations single-handed."

Something in the look of concern on the beautiful face pleased me. Without intending to speak with any spirit of bravado, I had unconsciously aroused a sense of admiration. The eyes looked me full in the face, their tenderness and depth of feeling moving me strangely.

"I shall take good care of myself," I added, with a sudden desire to make myself agreeable. "I shall return to help you out of your difficulty, Miss Whitlock."

"When do you expect to return, senor?" asked Belmont now thoroughly satisfied with the new turn of affairs.

"By midnight at the latest. Be prepared to let me in when I give the signal."

"And if you're not here by midnight we shall consider you as dead or a prisoner. In that event we shall make what arrangements we consider best to get out of our predicament."

"Yes, you can vote to adopt any course you please," I replied reluctantly.

Miss Whitlock's face was a shade paler as she murmured:

"But we're so few in numbers. Do you think it wise to take such a risk? Isn't it better to keep together?"

I confess the appeal touched me and for a moment made me wish to abandon the undertaking, but so confident was I that I could elude my enemies that I turned to her and replied with a smile:

"I think it is for the best, Miss Whitlock. It may open a new avenue of escape for us. If there is a boat there, and I can go and return safely, it is possible that we may all get away together."

"I shall say nothing further to influence you," was the soft answer. "Go if you think it is wise, but do be careful."

"I shall consider every danger with care, for my life is not my own in this undertaking."

I bowed graciously, with a serious smile, touching the extended hand with warmth as a farewell.

Half an hour later I was prepared to embark upon the venturesome journey. The guards, I knew, would never dream of such a scheme, and this was an advantage that I throroughly discounted. When the bolts of the back door were drawn and the door opened, I found my deduction verified. The only man on guard was leaning heavily against the wall corridor quietly sleeping. He was so deep in slumber that I passed him without fear of rousing him.

Miss Whitlock had given me a plan of the building such as she knew it, and when I reached the end of the corridor I knew just which way to turn. I opened the outside door and stood in a small court-yard without a sentry in view.

Twenty yards away was a clump of thick bushes. To gain these without attracting attention, I skirted the edge of the wall, and by quick work dropped behind the nearest bush without, I thought, being seen.

But a sudden cry and sharp report of a gun made my heart beat with anxiety. Had some stray sentry or soldier discovered me? I lay among the bushes perfectly silent and motionless. Loud voices in the distance followed the alarm, but a few moments later the disturbance subsided, and I knew that it was simply some soldiers' quarrel on the beach and not a general alarm.

Nevertheless, I lay there behind the bushes for several minutes until all possible danger had passed. From my position I could see the back room where my friends were imprisoned. They were there at the window, watching my progress with beating hearts. I waved a hand in salute, and then began my perilous progress across the island.

By taking a circuitous route, I could keep well within the shadow of trees and bushes, and the further I journeyed the easier it was to hide. In places I almost crawled along on my stomach to avoid any possible detection.

Within half an hour I gained the crest of the island where heavy woods made my escape a simple matter. From this point I studied the island and its topography. While it sloped down to a sandy beach on one side, it terminated in a wooded bluff on the opposite. Foot paths were well worn here and there, showing that the natives had easy access to both sides. The danger of stumbling accidentally upon some stray soldiers in one of these trails induced me to take to the woods, and I proceeded to cross the island outside of the well-beaten tracks.

The woods were very thick and jungle-like in places and I had great difficulty in forcing my way through. Sometimes I would step from the deep thickets into a path with startling suddenness. Once I nearly fell into the arms of half a dozen natives, and only escaped by dropping hastily in my footsteps and holding my breath until they passed. So close was I that I could have touched them with a hand through the screen of leaves.

Finally after considerable hard work I reached the end of the woods and stood on the edge of the bluff overlooking the Gulf nearly opposite the landing pier. The sun was well down in the west then, and within an hour I would have the advantage of dusk to conceal my movements.

A foot path skirted the edge of the bluff, following the shore line in either direction. Scanning every cove and cover with care, I traversed nearly the full length of the coast, watching eagerly for any sign of a landing or concealed boat. This side of the island was not patrolled, and there was little trouble in making close inspection.

Accidentally, and when almost ready to give up the quest in disgust, I stumbled upon a path which lead down to a small, rocky, shelving beach. At the foot of this, I discovered Yetto's boat. It was wholly

FITS

RIGHT REMEDY IS FOUND AT LAST.

Let Us Prove It.
$2.50 worth FREE
If you suffer from Fits or Falling and Nervous spells of any kind let us send you a good liberal trial treatment of our wonderful Brain and Nerve Restoratives.
Hundreds receive marked permanent relief from this Free Trial Treatment alone and we want to prove its wonderful efficiency to every sufferer. No matter how serious your case, or who has failed to cure you, there is hope for you in this treatment. Write to-day for the Free Trial Treatment and let the remedies speak for themselves. Address Dr. Peebles Institute, Battle Creek, Mich., 132 Mad. St.

24 LANGUAGE OF FLOWER CARDS 10 cts. Rose means, Love; Snowdrop, Hope; Pansy, Think of Me; Clover, Be Mine, etc. HILL SPECIALTY CO., DEPT.153, CHICAGO.

FORTUNES made prospecting for mines and treasures with our instruments, (Gur't'd) sold and rented. Cir. 2 cts SIMPLEX METER CO., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

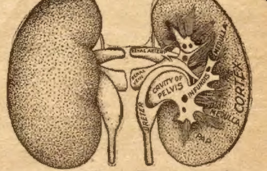
25 Postals VALENTINE CARDS In rich floral designs of many colors. Rich Roses and Flowers, Pretty Girls, Lovers, Language of Flowers, Friendship and Birthday Greetings, Charming Scenery, etc. Send 10 cts. (silver.) MARTIN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT.153, CHICAGO.

POULTRY PAPER FREE
COMMERCIAL POULTRY, a journal devoted to the culture of poultry. Issued monthly. Every number contains valuable information for poultrymen. Its articles are prepared by men who have made a success of raising poultry. They tell the reader, in these articles, how to produce the best results with the smallest expenditure. Don't take our word for this. Send for a sample copy and see for yourself. Write to Commercial Poultry Co., Dept. 23, Marseilles, Ill.

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM
Every lover and every one who writes letters should have a Weto Graph. It is a system of secret sign writing for correspondence, etc. If you have a Weto Graph you can preserve recipes, secret memorandum, addresses, or information you do not want anyone to find out. You can write to your friends on a postal and no one can find out what you have written. Lots of fun to have a Weto Graph. Don't miss it. Send 10 cents and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

Vacant Government Land
HOW TO GET A FARM FREE
A Billion Acres Open to Homestead Entry and Purchase : : :
FULL INFORMATION to LAND SEEKERS
About the United States Vacant Lands and How to Secure Them
Also, the number of acres and the kind of land described that is open to settlement in each county of every public land state and territory. The Location of Each Land Office to which Applications are made, with blank form of application. It tells about Irrigation and Irrigated lands, Oil and Saline Lands, how to acquire Townsites and Millsites, with Diagrams and Tables Revised to Date. 112 pages.
PRICE, PAPER COVERS, 25c., POSTPAID
W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Pittsburgh, Pa.

YOUR KIDNEYS



Have You Reason to Believe Your Kidneys are Weak or Diseased?
If you have, you will be interested in my great free offer. Read what I have to say.
Do you want to be able to set aside all doubt and know positively whether you have kidney trouble or not? Will you let me tell you what causes kidney trouble? Do you want to know how many forms of kidney and bladder trouble exist? Do you want to know exactly what the symptoms of kidney trouble are? Do you want to know how to recognize any disorder of the kidneys and bladder the moment it appears? Will you let me tell you why there is more kidney trouble than any other disease? Will you let me explain the entire construction and nature of your kidneys, bladder and urinary apparatus? Do you want to know how to take care of the kidneys and urinary organs if they are diseased? If these organs are in a healthy condition, do you want to learn how to protect them against disease and keep them in perfect working order? Do you want to know how to combat kidney disease if you have it? My new book, "Koch's Talk on the Kidneys", tells you all of this and gives you you much more valuable information. I will send you this book free, and with it I will send you another book which is a supplement to "Koch's Talk on the Kidneys", and which explains to you in full detail all about a new system of treatment, called Koch's Kidney Cleanser. It tells you how you may treat and cure yourself at home. I will not only send you these two books free, but if you are interested in this new treatment and have the slightest suspicion that your kidneys are weak or disordered, I will send you a test treatment of Koch's Kidney Cleanser with the books.
Remember, it is all Free—
Two Books and
Test Treatm
I assure you that the books are
structive and valuable, and
thing you have seen or re
the medicine which I wil
of skilled chemists. J
and say you want
ment free. The
your letter is
charges prep
Fred
43

concealed from view by the overhanging bushes. It was a small craft, fitted only for carrying two or three, and in nowise suited for rough weather.

While I was engaged in examining it, a noise in the bushes back of me warned me of the approach of another. Hastily concealing myself, I waited for the approaching stranger to depart. But instead of retreating, the footsteps were directed toward the beach, and in another moment Yetto himself scrambled down the rocks and stealthily approached the boat.

If I before had any doubts about the ownership of the small craft, I was quickly undeceived. Yetto finding no one in sight made his way to the edge of the water, carrying a number of packages in his arms. These he stowed away under the bow of the boat and concealed them under some loose pieces of canvas.

I waited and watched for nearly an hour until finally he scrambled back up the embankment and disappeared in the bushes. It was getting dusk then, and thus the shadows of the woods quickly concealed any figure from view. When satisfied that he did not intend to return, I made a hurried examination of the packages. They were provisions and water sufficient for two people for a trip of two or three days.

"So Yetto contemplates a voyage," I said with a smile.

But in that boat on the Gulf of Benago no more than two or three could possibly leave the island and expect to reach the mainland. I felt thoroughly convinced now that Yetto intended to carry off his treasure—with possibly Miss Whitlock—under the cover of darkness, and leave the rest of us to our fate. With everything ready for a hasty departure, he could return to the monastery and make a final desperate effort to carry our stronghold by force. Then in the confusion of the fight he could escape with his prize—or two prizes

Whether or not I was right, this conclusion forced itself upon my mind so firmly that I grew anxious to hurry back to the monastery. I felt that I had convincing proof, which even Belmont could not ignore, that Yetto intended the vilest sort of treachery. Once he had the money in his possession, no amount of sympathy or persuasion would influence him to think of our safety.

CHAPTER XVII.

My return to the monastery was made in much less time than it took to cross the island in the opposite direction. In spite of the darkness, I felt my way along the path with accuracy, and guided by the lights on the beach soon found myself within hailing distance of my companions. There was less need to crawl across the open places, and several times I walked boldly along in the clearings, trusting that the darkness would prevent any one from recognizing me.

This sense of security was suddenly shattered when, upon approaching the wall near the court-yard, I stumbled almost into the arms of a sentry. There was no time to exchange words. The man, I believed, made some attempt to utter a command to halt, but I choked the words in his throat and rolled with him to the ground. Leaving him unconscious where he had fallen, I hurried onward, and soon crossed the court and opened the outside door leading into the main floor of the building. It had been used as a kitchen for the soldiers, but it was now deserted. I took a step toward the door leading to the stairs, and was about to ascend when another door on my [illegible] opened, and an old woman stepped in [illegible] way.

[illegible] was almost simultaneous recogn[illegible] [illegible] she screamed, I would have [illegible], so desperate was my position [illegible]tated to lay violent hands on her [illegible] remained mute. She carried aloft [illegible] head a platter filled with fruits, and this she balanced steadily even while her eyes bulged with fright

"I will not harm you," I said in a low, warning voice, "unless you scream."

I held a pistol threateningly at her breast.

"When I am inside there with my friends you can speak," I continued, "but not until then."

She blinked her old watery eyes and seemed to comprehend her danger and my earnestness. She was bent and wrinkled with age, but her face was not marked by any hard lines. I moved slowly toward the door, covering her with my weapon, but as I placed a hand on the knob the woman regained her command of speech and stammered tremulously:

"You're a friend of the beautiful senorita?"

I nodded affirmatively. The black eyes wandered around furtively as if seeking a friend or enemy.

"Then, senor," she added, with head bent toward me, "do not trust Colonel Yetto. He's bad—very bad. Save the senorita from him."

This sudden confession puzzled me, but a moment later I breathed easier.

"You are Miletto?"

"The senorita has spoken of you," I continued, "and she considers you her friend. I shall carry your message to her."

"Then senor must hurry—for he is there."

She pointed anxiously toward the corridor which opened into the back of our compartment. For a moment I was uncertain of her meaning, but she quickly dispelled any doubts.

"He's in there. It may not be too late."

Miletto's words gave me a shock. If Yetto had broken into the back room our [illegible] would soon become untenable. I [illegible]kly and hurried through the [illegible] corridor with the chills cours[illegible]

[illegible] angle of the corridor re[illegible] situation at a glance. [illegible] d zen sol[illegible] dy to spring upon [illegible] alf hidden by th [illegible] but I could see [illegible] their hands [illegible] barred and [illegible] f Belmont [illegible] ing con[illegible] [illegible] flush of anger and alarm. Belmont had apparently taken advantage of my absence to hold another conference with Yetto, and the first line of our defense was thus broken down by the unbarring of the door. Even should the conference terminate aversely to Yetto's wishes, he could make a rush for the door, and with his soldiers force it inward.

I could have shouted in surprise and anger at Belmont's betrayal of his trust, and for a moment a spasm of intense hatred for him surged over me. Yetto in his greed for money was playing a game of fraud and deceit which would ultimately result in the death of all. In the next few minutes our fate might be decided.

Fortunately, the bargaining had not reached a critical point. Belmont still seemed to hesitate, and once he turned as if addressing his companion. In that instant the impassive face of Yetto seemed to light up with fiendish joy. I almost expected to see him turn and order his soldiers to make an attack on the door.

But he did not, and the moment of hesitation gave me time to act. I knew the demoralizing effect of a rear attack upon such soldiers, and I decided to try it. But before I could spring forward Belmont turned his face and showed evident signs of annoyance. He spoke a few words to Yetto, and the latter scowled. The man's ugly face showed passion, and the nostrils dilated suddenly. The face was half averted and a hand was raised as if to give a signal. The crouching soldiers bent forward waiting for the command to act.

Belmont finally turned as if to close the door, but Yetto had anticipated this, and suddenly placed a foot forward to intercept it. It was at this critical moment that I rushed forward, discharging my pistol at the ceiling to startle the soldiers.

They turned in fright, and even Yetto showed his surprise. Before any of them could recover their self-possession, I passed them and stood at the back of Yetto. The man turned to meet me with an angry oath, but I clearly had the advantage. A heavy blow on the head with the butt of my pistol sent him reeling backward. The door was slammed in my face, and for an instant I thought that I was locked out in the corridor with my enemies.

But another pair of eyes than Belmont's had taken in the swift development of events. I heard Miss Whitlock say sharply:

"It was Mr. Ardsley! Open the door!"

The soldiers were recovering from their fright, and seeing only one man their courage was returning. I faced them, with my back to the door, ready to open fire upon the first man who attempted to shoot. Then with sudden energy the door was flung open and I felt a hand on my shoulder.

"Quick, the door is open!"

It was Miss Whitlock's voice, and I turned and slipped in before a shot could be fired. I helped her close and bolt the door, noticing in spite of our danger the nervous fingers which slipped the lock and the white face close to mine. A sharp volley from without rattled against the thick planking of the door, but no bullet could penetrate such a solid wall. They beat angrily and vainly with their guns against the panels, but we smiled in relief, knowing that for the present we were safe.

When I faced Belmont he was clearly nervous and unhappy. The flush of shame mantled his cheek, and his unusual suave manner was gone. In the presence of Miss Whitlock we both tried to control our emotions, but with considerable show of anger I blurted out:

"You see now what your treachery nearly cost us."

The flush deepened on his face. For a moment he was silent, and then with a partial return of his self-possession he answered:

"The senor forgets that his own treachery was partly responsible for this—this unpleasant experience."

I stared in stupid wonder, and demanded:

"What treachery do you mean? Explain yourself."

"Did not the senor first steal—no, abstract from its hiding place the treasure which was to purchase our freedom?"

There was a sneer on the lips and an emphasized drawl in the voice. I did not understand the question, and waited for him to proceed.

"I understand now why you were so anxious to leave us," he continued, assuming his old attitude of polite defiance. "It was a heroic adventure, senor, and the money is safe, I suppose."

The man's voice and manner were irritating beyond expression, and I was white with anger, the presence of Miss Whitlock, I think, alone prevented a physical encounter between us.

"It is a perverted sense of honor and chivalry which would induce a man to steal away the money when the lives of others might depend upon it," I heard the voice add. "I hardly think my treachery, as you call it, quite equals that. If the money had been here Yetto would have released us."

"You speak in enigmas," I interrupted harshly. "Come direct to the point, and explain just what you mean."

"The senor admits taking the package containing Farnley's money with him?"

"I took nothing with me. The package is or should be in the closet in Miss Whitlock's room."

"Perhaps the senor then can find it."

I turned abruptly from him and entered the room where a few hours before I had placed the package containing the stolen money. I flung open the closet door and looked carefully for signs of the package.

One glance, however, sufficed to show that it had been removed. It was neither on the shelf or the floor. The closet was empty

(Continued on page fourteen.)

Sister Woman!

LET ME HELP YOU

My Mission is to make sick women well and I want to send **you, your daughter, your sister, your mother,** or **any ailing friend** a full fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs **absolutely free.** It is a remedy that **cures woman's ailments,** and I want to tell you **all about it**—just how to cure yourself right **at home** without the aid of a doctor—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or occupation. Balm of Figs is just the remedy to make sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—**let me prove it to you**—I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that does so **quickly** and **surely** cure woman's ailments. No internal drugging necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore, I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with **any form of Leucorrhea, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflammation, Displacement** or **Falling of the Womb, Ovarian** or **Uterine Tumors** or **Growths,** or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

This fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs will not cost you one cent

I will send it to you **absolutely free,** to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs and I am willing to **prove** my faith by sending out these **fifty-cent boxes free.** So, my reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me **at once—today**—and I will send you the treatment **entirely free** by return mail, and if you so desire, undoubtedly I can refer you to some one near you who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of Balm of Figs. But after all, the **very best test** of anything is a **personal trial** of it and I know a fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs will **convince you** of its merit. Nothing is so **convincing** as the **actual test** of the article itself. Will **you** give Balm of Figs this test? Write to me today, and remember I will gladly send you **a fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs for the asking.** Address

MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS, Box 361D Joliet, Illinois.

24 Language of the Flower Post Cards

FREE OFFER

These cards are strictly high class, hand varnished and in colors and are something entirely new. Each card represents a scenic view and has **The Language of the Flowers** worked out most beautifully in mottoes in flower designs. For instance in this series the Violets spell out the word "Faithfulness," Sweet Peas, "Wish You Joy," Chrysanthemums, "I Love You," Roses, "Love," etc.

FLOWER	MEANING
Holly,	Bliss,
Myrtle,	Gladness,
Poppies,	I Live for Thee,
Rose,	I Am True,
Lilacs,	Willingness,
Snowdrops,	Hope,
Moss Rose,	My Love is Thine,
Forget me not,	Tried and True,
Chrysanthemum,	Be Kind,
Cowslips,	Winning Grace,
Lily-of the Valley,	Happiness,
Sunflower,	Sunny Weather,

FLOWER	MEANING.
Roses,	Love,
Poppies,	I Dream of Thee,
Sweet Peas,	I Wish You Joy,
Chrysanthemum,	I Love You,
Clover,	Be Mine,
White Heather,	Good Luck,
Snowdrop,	Hope,
Lily,	Peace,
Violet,	Faithfulness,
Wallflower,	Fidelity,
Pansy,	Think of Me,
Forget me not,	Forget Me Not,

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS POST CARD

READ OUR FREE OFFER

FINISHED IN MANY COLORS

TRIP AROUND THE WORLD
IN
POST CARDS
FIFTY COLORED VIEWS OF THE MOST PROMINENT AND INTERESTING PLACES ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH

GREATEST POST CARD COLLECTION OF THE DAY

VIEWS FROM BROADWAY TO TOKIO

TOUR OF WORLD ALSO FREE

Fifty beautiful colored Souvenir Post Cards, no two alike, reproduced direct from photographs taken by a noted traveler and expert photographer, on one of his numerous trips around the world.

Without leaving your home, you can see, with this wonderful collection of cards, scenes and people, both domestic and foreign, that would cost you thousands of dollars and many months of actual travel to visit.

Everybody nowadays collects post cards, but how seldom do we get one from a world renowned or historically famous place. These reproductions from actual photographs, in life colors, are not only wonderful from a mechanical standpoint and the height of printers' art, but are entertaining and instructive to each member of the family.

On this journey around the world we start at Chicago and go clear around the earth, by a circuitous route, and come all the way back to Chicago. Just follow the numbers and note the places and scenes that we visit and view.

We want all our readers to enjoy this Trip Around the World, and by our free plan, explained fully in this offer, it is so easy that we are sure you will not let this opportunity pass.

WHERE WE GO		WHAT WE SEE.
1.	Chicago,	Stock Yards.
2.	Indianapolis,	State Capitol
3.	St. Louis,	Reservoir Park.
4.	Colorado,	Royal Gorge.
5.	Yellowstone	Hot Springs.
6.	Los Angeles,	Palmetto Avenue.
7.	California,	Famous Big Tree.
8.	Manitoba,	Harvest Scenes.
9.	Quebec,	Winter Scene.
10.	New York	Niagara Falls.
11.	Buffalo,	Lafayette Square.
12.	Buffalo,	Historical Society.
13.	N. Y. City,	Wall Street.
14.	Brooklyn,	Brooklyn Bridge.
15.	N. Y. City,	Central Park.
16.	Brooklyn,	Sheephead Races.
17.	Havana,	Moro Castle.
18.	Panama,	Colon.
19.	Panama,	Panama Canal.
20.	Spain,	Bull Fight
21.	Portugal,	View of Lisbon.
22.	Portugal,	Fountain at Leiria
23.	France,	Palace Versailles.
24.	Paris,	Arch of Triumph.
25.	Paris,	Notre Dame
26.	Ireland,	Blarney Castle.
27.	Scotland,	Edinborough.
28.	Denmark,	Copenhagen.
29.	Norway,	Christiania.
30.	Holland,	Amsterdam.
31.	Germany,	Castle of the Rhine
32.	Germany,	Cologne Cathedral.
33.	Switzerland,	Falls of the Rhine.
34.	France,	Monte Carlo, View
35.	France,	Monte Carlo, Casino.
36.	Egypt,	Boats on the Nile.
37.	Egypt,	Temple Abu Simbel,
38.	India,	Calcutta.
39.	China,	Harbor Hong Kong.
40.	China,	Nankin Road.
41.	China,	View, Canton.
42	China,	Pekin.
43.	Manchuria,	Mukden.
44	Manchuria,	Battle Field.
45.	Japan,	Tokio, Street,
46.	Japan,	Tokio, Tea House.
47.	Japan,	Kyoto, Tea House.
48.	Philippines	Manila.
49	Philippines	Cebu.
50.	Chicago,	Lincoln Park.

HERE IS OUR FREE PLAN

We are going to make you a present of the full set of 24 Language of the Flowers Post Cards, in many colors, hand varnished, each different, in order to introduce to you the WOMAN'S WORLD, the greatest magazine in the world—greatest circulation, over 2,000,000 subscribers, greatest list of contributors, and greatest reading value.

WOMAN'S WORLD is printed in colors, edited by Forrest Crissey, Stanley Waterloo, and Geo. B. Forrest, with departments on Embroidery, [illegible] Home Entertainments, Garden, Poultry, Beauty Column, Children, Kitchen, Home Council; Prof. Puzzler [illegible] and book prizes, best and high class stories, no long serials, new musical hit complete, by a great composer, in each issue. A few contributors to WOMAN'S WORLD are Geo. Barr McCutcheon, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Geo. Ade, Maude Ballington Booth, Rex Beach, Jane Addams and hundreds of famous writers, actors, composers, poets, celebrities, cause-workers and public officials.

SEND us only 25 cents today and we will send you the WOMAN'S WORLD for an entire year.

ALSO to introduce this great magazine we will send you free and post paid at once the full set of 24 Language Flower Post Cards, **providing** when you subscribe you will also send us the names and address of four neighbors to whom we can send sample copies of the WOMAN'S WORLD.

ALSO after you receive your Post Cards ask four neighbors to hand you 25 cents for the WOMAN'S WORLD one year, and send us the amount and we will send them each a set of the Language Flower Post Cards, just like yours, and enter their names for a year's subscription. Then, for your kindness, we will send you the Trip Around the World for yourself. You will have no trouble getting the four neighbors to accept when they see our WOMAN'S WORLD Prospectus and Copy and see the set of beautiful Language Flower Post Cards. Just send us the coupon with 25 cents for the WOMAN'S WORLD an entire year.

WOMAN'S WORLD, POST CARD DEPT., 46-48 WEST MONROE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

CUT OFF ON THIS LINE

FREE COUPON

WOMAN'S WORLD,
46-48 W. Monroe St.,
CHICAGO

Send Woman's World one entire year [illegible] Post Cards as advertised, all charges prepaid.

115

Name ....

Address ....

FREE! THIS ELEGANT GUARANTEED LADY'S WATCH

Any Lady or Girl Can Have One if She Writes at Once. This is the handsomest little watch ever offered by any premium house. High grade genuine American stem wind and stem set, a perfect timepiece, lady's size, richly engraved, fully warranted. A beautiful chain with each watch. All we ask of you is to send your name at once. We then send you, all charges paid, 12 packages of our beautifully colored and artistic Post Cards, all different, to distribute among your friends, who will be eager to take them at the reduced price of 25 cents. Return us the $3.00 and you will receive watch immediately. SEND NO MONEY IN ADVANCE. We trust you with cards until distributed and take them back if they are not taken. You receive both premiums without one cent of cost. You can have men's size watch and chain if you prefer. Address at once WATCH HEADQUARTERS, 831 Jackson Street, TOPEKA, KAN.

LATEST POET POSTCARDS

FREE Complete Set of 12 Different Subjects

These beautiful gold embossed cards are just out. Each card bears the picture of some great poet with one of his most popular verses printed in gold and is beautifully decorated with flowers and landscape, appropriate to the verse. These cards have a refined and exclusive appearance. Send us only 15 cents for a special 6 months' trial subscription to EVERYDAY LIFE, our great family story paper (published monthly), or 25 cents for a full year's subscription, and we will send you a complete set of these beautiful cards, postpaid, absolutely free of charge. Address EVERYDAY LIFE, Dept. 635, CHICAGO.

GREATEST PREMIUM OFFER

VIOLET DINNER SET

GOLD MANTEL CLOCK

A useful and beautiful article. Entire front gold finished, warranted.

In order to introduce my business, I am offering these four very beautiful and useful premiums—not one, ***but all four.*** This 31-Piece Violet and Gold Decorated Dinner Set, all pieces full size and carefully first selected china; this large size, Gold Plated and Warranted Mantel Clock; this 3-piece Side and Back Comb Set, tortoise shell pattern, handsomely ornamented; and this 3-piece Kitchen Set, consisting of Wave Edge Bread Knife, Cake Knife and Paring Knife, warranted best steel.

ALL FREE

This is unquestionably the greatest and most liberal premium offer ever made, but I am determined to double my business in 1909 regardless of expense, and therefore offer **ALL FOUR** of these magnificent premiums on practically the same basis as heretofore I only offered one of them. Any woman can go a long ways towards furnishing her home free at my expense.

All these premiums are first-class, guaranteed goods, and I will send you over one thousand references as to my reliability and standing. I have arranged to cover all freight charges on these fine, elegant premiums, so you are out just one cent of expense yourself. Read my offer below.

FREE OFFER

Any lady sending me her name will be sent 24 sets of my new Transfer Patterns, postpaid, at once. You hand out these 24 pattern sets free on a remarkable 25-cent proposition. Then **all four** premiums, the Dinner Set, Gold Clock, Comb Set and Kitchen Set will be shipped you. I can't explain what this 25-cent proposition is now, but everyone you show it to will be glad to accept it, as it is so attractive, and then you also give one of the Transfer Patterns free. These Transfer Patterns enable anyone to transfer directly on the cloth an embroidery or dress pattern, and women are delighted with them.

If my Transfer Pattern sets and propositions do not go easily for 25 cents, and you find you do not care to help me for these premiums, I will send postage at once for return of goods without fuss or question. and also give you a premium just for investigating this offer in good faith. Could anything be fairer? Just send me your name today. Only one woman in each neighborhood selected. Remember, I arrange to cover all freight charges and give all four premiums free for distributing only 24 (no more) of the Transfer Pattern sets on my 25-cent proposition.

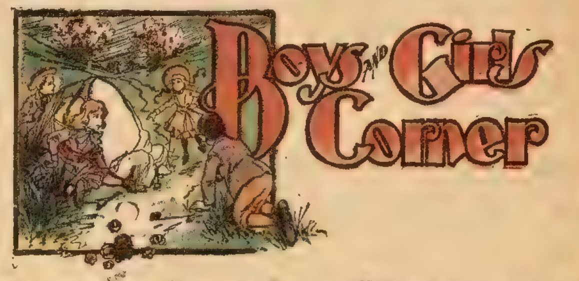
GEORGE H. DAVIS, Manager
120-122-124 Clinton Street, Dept. 75
CHICAGO, ILL.

BEAUTIFUL COMB SET

3-PIECE KITCHEN SET, BEST TEMPERED STEEL

NOTICE!

The publisher of this paper is acquainted with Mr. Geo. H. Davis and his firm and vouches for his reliability and the genuineness of this premium offer.



Lost in the Desert;

Or, The Perils of the Plains

BY WILL LISENBEE.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 1, January 2. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VIII.

WITH such a pack of hungry wolves to devour it, it could not be expected that the carcass of the buffalo calf would last long, and in a short time the bones had been stripped of every vestige of flesh.

In the fierce fight that had been waged over the feast, more than one of the participants had been killed, and now the more fortunate ones, still hungry, fell upon the dead ones and began devouring them.

And when the last morsel had been devoured, the immense pack that had gathered to the midnight feast, began to spread out, and like a dark wave welling up the depths of the ravine, swept into the grove and through every part of it.

It was a terrifying sight to the three watchers in the tree, and they experienced a sense of deepest thankfulness that they were safe from the fangs of the hungry pack.

With sharpened scent for prey, the wolves quickly gathered beneath the big cottonwood, barking, snarling and leaping high in the air in their vain endeavors to reach the fugitives.

Dora shivered with terror, and clung desperately to the limb of the tree, while the negress gave vent to lamentations of woe declaring that the wolves would yet gnaw the tree down and devour them.

It was certainly a scene to inspire fear, and even Paul, who realized the security of their position, could not shake off a feeling of something akin to terror as he saw the mass of maddened forms leaping and snarling at the trunk of the tree.

"Are you sure they can't reach us?" asked Dora in a trembling voice.

"You need have no fear," assured Paul. "They cannot reach us, and will soon give up the job and go away."

But they failed to give up the job as soon as Paul had predicted, for they remained about the tree throughout the long night—a night the three anxious watchers would never forget. But as daylight broke over the plains they began to scatter, and in a few minutes the last one had vanished.

With aching limbs the three descended from the tree, worn out with the long night's fearful vigil, but thankful for their escape from death.

The precious haversack again yielded food for the little party, but there was not enough to stay their hunger, and even this was divided and a large part of it kept for future use. They knew not where the next supply would come from, and they thought it prudent to put themselves on an allowance.

It was Paul's intention to go in search of game during the day, but a slender wreath of smoke which rose out of the west, where the Indians had last been seen, caused him to abandon the project. It would not be safe to leave the grove, he reasoned, so long as the Comanches remained in the vicinity.

The day was a long and tedious one, full of apprehension and a vague fear of what might come. There was no telling at what moment the Indians might pay a visit to the grove, and the thought kept the three in a state of fear and uncertainty.

They were so utterly worn out with the weary vigil of the night before that they felt the need of rest sorely. Realizing the necessity of obtaining rest while they could, they took turns at watching, and thus as the day wore on, they managed to snatch a few hours' sleep.

At one time during the day a couple of Indians came into sight far to the west, but they did not approach the grove and soon disappeared behind the distant swell in the prairie. Their appearance caused a feeling of alarm among our friends in the grove, but this was gradually dissipated as the Indians disappeared from sight.

As the night drew near the little party ate the last of the provisions remaining in the haversack, and they must now face the stern predicament of being without food. Nothing remained in the haversack but a small bag of salt—the then indispensable article always to be found in the traveler's haversack.

The night passed without incident, and at sunrise Paul made ready to go in search of game.

"We can't stay here and starve," he said, "and as something has got to be done sooner or later, there is no use to put it off. I shall go out and try to bag an antelope."

"But what if the Indians come while you are away?" asked Dora in a tone of fear.

"I shall keep my eyes open for that," replied Paul. "I will manage, as far as possible, to keep the grove in view, or to command a view of the surroundings so that it will be impossible for any band of Indians to approach without my seeing them."

"Well, don't be gone long," pleaded Dora. "I shall be so frightened while you are away."

"I shan't be gone long, and it is not my intention to go far, if I can help it. But I'm going to bring back some fresh meat, if possible—even if it is only a jack rabbit."

He swung his rifle over his shoulder and strode away to the north. It was a beautiful morning. The sun had just risen, and there was a cooling freshness in the breeze that was a pleasing contrast to the fervid breath that blew over the sands at midday.

As Paul gained a little elevation he made it a point to make a careful survey of his surroundings, so as to make sure that no Indians were lurking in the vicinity. There was no living thing in sight, excepting a small herd of buffaloes many miles to the west, moving slowly southward.

"Well, I guess the coast is clear," he thought, "and I may as well be tramping."

Paul had brought a canteen of water with him, and placing it on his left, so that it would not be touched by the hot rays of the rising sun, he set out at a rapid pace, traveling northward.

As yet he had seen no traces of game excepting the buffaloes, and these were so far away that it was quite out of the question to think of getting a shot at them.

For half an hour he kept up a steady pace, keeping constantly on the lookout for game; but he saw nothing but a jack rabbit and that was so far away that he thought it quite useless to waste a shot on it

He began to realize that, though game might be plentiful on the plains, it required skill to find and bag it. The prospect failure was anything but pleasant.

A mile further on he came to a mound where he paused to glan him.

Far to the southwest, he saw of dark objects moving against line, and these he quickly recognize Indians! They were moving slowly southward toward the Arkansas River, and were doubtless the same ones Paul had seen the day before. That they were leaving for the south was evident, and this gave Paul a feeling of profound relief.

There was no necessity now for his being in any great haste to return to the grove, and he could prolong his hunting tour till he should be successful.

As he descended the gentle slope his eye caught something white far away across the plain, a little patch that gleamed like a star against the dull brown of the plain. That it was the white canvas of a wagon cover or a tent, Paul had no doubt.

He stopped and gazed at it steadily. It was not moving, nor was there any sign of life about it. As he drew nearer he perceived that it was a wagon standing in a little depression, the white canvas cover fluttering in the breeze that blew from the southwest.

But there was no sign of any team, nor of any human being. It stood there amid the waste of sands, lone and desolate, a derelict of the desert.

CHAPTER IX.

Paul hastened on with quickened steps. As he drew near the wagon he saw the skeletons of a team of horses lying half-buried in the sand that had drifted into the ravine. There was no living thing to be seen, and it was evident that the wagon had been abandoned months before by its owner. The wheels, from which the tires had fallen, shrunken under the fierce rays of the sun, were sunk deeply into the sand.

Paul climbed onto the tongue of the wagon and looked in between ropes tied to the rod in the for There was very little left in th was probable that the own had taken with them all leaving nothing but a h a few cooking utensils

As Paul climbed wagon he felt respite from the growing more ing sense of the breeze

Far out heat well ering; that re

ter flashed in the glare of the sun; but it was only the mirage, one of those strange illusions of the desert that have lured so many to their death.

Sitting on the oaken box, Paul leaned back against the wagon bows. He let his eyes wander out across the plain for a moment, and then, before he knew it, he fell asleep.

He slept for hours—just how long he could not tell. He was awakened by his head coming in violent contact with the bottom of the wagon bed.

He rose quickly, startled and bewildered. In his sleep he had rolled from the box on which he was seated, and the contact with the floor had roused him.

He rubbed his eyes sleepily, shaking off the drowsiness with an effort, a sense of guilt at having allowed himself to fall asleep, coming over him.

It was now very near noon, judging by the position of the sun, which was almost directly overhead, and Paul climbed out of the wagon hastily, and glanced about him.

For some moments he could see nothing. But presently, as his eyes wandered over the plains, he caught sight of something moving. His quick eye was not slow to recognize it. It was an antelope! The sight of the little animal thrilled him with sudden excitement. What a triumph it would be, should he succeed in bagging it. He thought of what a feast such a stroke of good luck would bring, and he set out at a rapid pace.

As he turned his eyes in the direction of the antelope, he was surprised to discover that another had come into view, and this was followed by still another and another, till five of the graceful little anmals could be seen.

They were more than a mile away, yet Paul approached cautiously, keeping behind a rise in the prairie, and traveling in a circuitous route.

They were to the northeast of him, and as the wind was blowing from the southwest, he realized the necessity of getting to leeward of them before trying to get within shooting distance. It took him a half-hour to make the circuit, and he now began to approach from the north.

When within four hundred yards he sank down and began to crawl. He did not dare risk being seen. The antelope is wary and ever on the alert, and among all the wild animals of the Western prairie, it is the hardest to approach. Paul had had no experience in hunting the animal, but he had learned much of its nature and habits from old hunters, and this would now serve him in good stead.

The blistering sands were as hot as an oven, and the perspiration ran from every pore as Paul wormed himself over its surface. The five antelopes were feeding on the short buffalo grass, and as they grazed they moved slowly up the gentle slope. For a moment they would nip the grass, and the next would stand with heads erect, alert and watchful.

Paul almost despaired of getting within shooting distance, but he kept doggedly on, at times lying almost flat on the ground and sliding his body forward by sticking his toes into the sand and propelling himself onward.

The water in his canteen became as warm as dishwater, and a drink from it, though it relieved the parched condition of his lips and throat, did not quench his thirst.

After a quarter of an hour's patient labor, Paul arrived within two hundred yards of the antelopes, but he did not think it best to risk taking a shot at that distance. He would try to get a little closer. Much depended on the result. It might mean life or death. The thought impelled him to use the greatest caution.

Foot by foot he wormed his way along blistering sands. He was yet more than ndred and fifty yards from the antes when he stopped. To try to get nearer ht result in putting the animals to ht and thus defeat all chance of bagging e of them. Paul reflected on the matter and decided that it was best to chance a shot.

Still lying flat on the ground, he carefully brought his rifle into position. Then he raised himself upon his elbow and glanced along the sights. Just as he did so, up went the heads of the antelopes, and like a flash they were off, sweeping across the plain like a flying cloud.

A lump arose in Paul's throat, and a sense of disappointment and despair gripped him like a vise. The antelopes were far beyond gun-shot before he could realize what had happened, and he sat there on the hot sands, stupefied. He felt the futility of attempting to get within rifle range of the animals again.

He moistened his lips from the water still remaining in the canteen and tried to think coherently. He could not bear the thought of returning to the grove empty handed. He turned his gaze toward the antelopes, and as he did so, he saw that they had stopped a quarter of a mile away, on a little elevation, and were standing with heads erect, alert and watchful.

It was plain that it would be useless to follow them. What should he do? A sudden thought came to him. He remembered having heard old plainsmen tell of how antelopes had been lured within gunshot by the simple waving of a handkerchief. The thought thrilled him with sudden hope. A short distance ahead was a clump of cacti, and crawling to the shelter of these, he took out his handkerchief, and fastening it to the stem of a rosin weed, he held it over his head, waving it gently.

The antelopes never moved, but it was evident that they saw it. They still stood with heads erect, as if ready at any moment to take flight. But they did not do so. Presently one of them turned, took a step in the direction of the waving flag and stopped. Its head was thrust forward, its ears moving back and forth as if in an effort to catch the faintest sound that might issue from the strange object fluttering above the earth.

It took a few steps forward, circled to the left, and again stopped. It was plain that their curiosity was aroused. The strange thing fluttering out there on the plain was something they could not understand. Closer and closer they drew, and then of a sudden, as if panic-stricken, they turned and fled. Paul's heart sank, and a groan escaped him. But the flight of the little creatures was as short as it was sudden. Again they stopped, and again curiosity mastered their fear and they wheeled and began to advance again. Paul waved the handkerchief vigorously with one hand while with the other he carefully slipped his rifle forward till the barrel lay across the cactus. Then he pulled back the hammer and waited.

Turning to the right and now to the left, the shy creatures of the plains came on, stopping now and then to inspect the fluttering white thing that lured and beckoned to them from above the thorny cactus.

With his heart beating with painful anxiety, Paul watched the approach of the animals, fearful that at any moment they might take to flight.

CHAPTER X.

The heat had grown so intense by this time, that Paul felt that he could not much longer endure lying there in the blistering sun. The slight breeze that came from the southwest dashed the heat in hot waves about him. But he held firmly to his purpose and kept the handkerchief waving.

His canteen was now empty, and a burning and consuming thirst beset him. He tried to moisten his lips with his tongue, but it was as dry as his lips. He felt sick and dizzy, but he fought bravely against it. He must not give up. Too much depended on him. He thought of Dora and her faithful companion waiting for his return in the grove, and the thought of what their fate might be, should he never return, steeled him to resolute effort.

The antelopes were still approaching, circling first to the left and then to the right, but drawing nearer and nearer. They were still out of sure range and kept up their tantalizing manoeuvres. Paul waited with all the patience he could muster. He did not wish to fire till he was sure of not missing. They were now less than a hundred yards away, and with his heart beating tumultuously, Paul waved the flag with his left hand, while with his right he carefully sighted the rifle at the one nearest.

Despite his efforts to be calm, his hand trembled as his finger sought the trigger, and he waited a moment while he drew a deep breath. Then, taking quick aim, he pressed the trigger. There was a loud report, and the puff of white smoke that floated upward blinded him for a moment.

Then as it was swept aside he caught sight of the five antelopes flying up the slope.

A sickening sense of despair came over him, and he staggered to his feet, and like one incapable of all action, stood watching the little animals bounding lightly away. But suddenly one of them swerved to one side, turned half-around and went down.

With a glad cry Paul bounded forward, and as he ran he could see it stretched on the short grass, evidently in the agonies of death.

The struggle for life in man often steels him against pity, but as Paul reached the side of this expiring animal and looked into the soft, human-like eyes, fast growing dim in death, he threw himself down beside it while the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Poor little creature," he murmured, "you have given your life for me!"

It is not strange that Paul should have experienced such emotion, for older hunters than he have experienced the same feeling, and few can witness the death of one of those little creatures without being moved with compassion.

Half an hour later Paul, carrying the quarters of the antelope, reached the deserted wagon, where he was glad to seek shelter from the fierce rays of the sun. He felt that he could not have traveled much further in the intense heat with his heavy burden.

Although he felt weak and almost exhausted, he was elated over the success of his hunt, and he reflected with much pleasure on the feast his good luck would provide for himself and his companions, waiting in the grove.

He lay stretched at full length in the shadow of the wagon for a half-hour, and then, feeling much refreshed by the rest, he rose to resume his journey back to the grove.

As he did so, his eyes fell on the box in the wagon, and it occurred to him that it might be well to see what the box contained. He climbed into the wagon and was about to lift the lid, when his gaze fell on something written with a pencil. It was a rude scrawl and ran as follows:

"I have bin drivin' about the desert fer 2 days tryin' to find mi wa to a settlement north of the trail. Mi horses died for want of water an' I have to git out an' leave mi wagon. I have a mule left an' I am goin' to pack a few things an' try to find the trail. I leave some of mi grub an' other things for the finder. I only ask that who finds this will write to Mrs. Manda Sanders, St. Charles, Mo., as I may never git out of the desert alive. Manda Sanders is mi wife. Good bi. SILAS SANDERS."

When Paul had finished reading the message written on the lid of the box, he took a little note book and pencil from his pocket and wrote the name and address given.

"I'll send a letter to Mrs. Sanders as soon as I can," he thought. "I hope that Silas Sanders did not die in the desert, but got through safely."

He lifted the lid of the box and looked in. "Something was left here for the finder," he thought, "but after all I may not be the first finder."

A strip of coarse canvas covered whatever the box contained, and as this was lifted Paul uttered a cry of delight. The first thing he saw was a little canvas bag partly filled with coffee. There were also several pounds of sugar, a small bag of salt, and a quantity of flour and bacon.

Paul's eyes sparkled with pleasure.

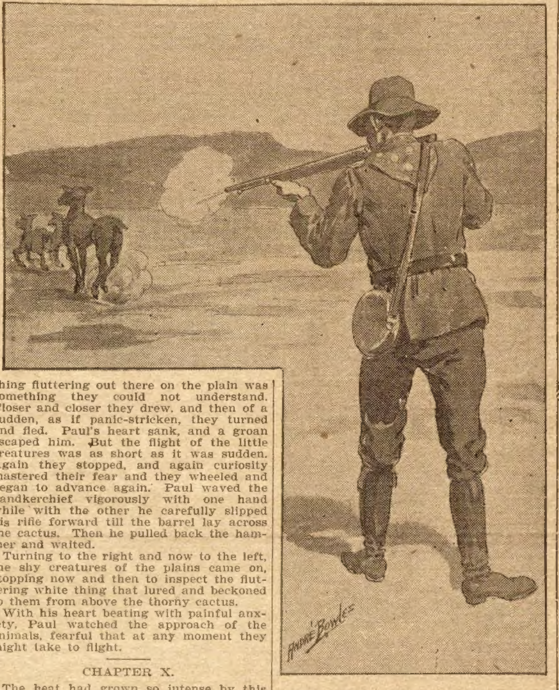
"My, but we can have a feast!" he cried. "What a piece of luck that I ran onto this deserted wagon. I am pretty well loaded as it is, but I'm going to take a little of these provisions, enough to last us till tomorrow, when I can run back here and bring the rest of it."

He fell to thrusting the articles into a grass sack, which he found in the wagon, and a few minutes later he was on his way to the grove.

CHAPTER XI.

Meantime, Dora Hatfield and the faithful Aunt Fanny remained in the grove, whiling away the time as best they could, but on the alert lest they should be surprised by some band of Indians.

They had begun to experience the pangs of hunger, and visions of the past, in which they saw tables loaded with choice viands,



With a glad cry Paul bounded forward.

ROSY AND PLUMP

Good Health From Right Food.

"It's not a new food to me," remarked a Va. man, in speaking of Grape-Nuts.

"About twelve months ago my wife was in very bad health, could not keep anything on her stomach. The doctor recommended milk, half water, but it was not sufficiently nourishing.

"A friend of mine told me one day to try Grape-Nuts and cream. The result was really marvelous. My wife soon regained her usual strength and today is as rosy and plump as when a girl of sixteen.

re plain facts and nothing I could ise of Grape-Nuts would exag- least, the value of this great

Postum Co., Battle Creek, Road to Wellville," in Reason."

ove letter? A new me to time. They full of human

To Whit-To Whoo
Cried the Owl
in the woods
As darkness
closed around him
Bang! went a gun
To Whit-To Whoo-o
The man with a
STEVENS
found him.'

Your bird will drop every time, when you pull trigger on a Stevens Rifle or Shotgun.

It's easy to get a good and quick aim, because of the absolute accuracy of the Stevens sights, either peep or open; and because of the perfect balance of a Stevens—when you swing it to your shoulder, you find it steady and true to your aim. Then a Stevens is wonderfully far-and-straight-shooting, hard-hitting, and quick-firing. Stevens hold more records than any other make of gun.

Send for Stevens Catalog

describing all Stevens firearms —Rifles, Shot guns, Pistols. Then you will realize how thoroughly well made they are, how moderate in price. Yours for 5 cents for postage.

And you will want Dan Beard's book, "Guns and Gunning"—full of the lore of the woods and the camp. Of birds and small game. Of hunting and shooting. Sent prepaid, 20c. paper cover, or 30c. in cloth, stamped in gilt.

In nearly every town there's at least one dealer who sells Stevens firearms. If your dealer can't supply the genuine, write to us and we'll ship, prepaid, on receipt of catalog price.

J. STEVENS ARMS AND TOOL COMPANY
160 Grove Street
Chicopee Falls, Mass.

64 16 BEST VIEW Postcards and 48 other good cards only 10 cents, postpaid, stamps or coin. Address your letter to 10c
CENTRAL TRADING CO., 3661 Archer Ave., Dept. X, Chicago, Ill.

25 Rich Postals LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS. Rose means Love; Clover, Be Mine; Pansy, Think of Me. Rich Roses and Flowers, Friendship, Birthday and Holiday Greetings, Pretty Girls, Soldier Boys, Lovers, Charming Scenery, etc. 25 rich cards 10 cents silver. HILL SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 208, CHICAGO.

HYPNOTISM
Learned at home; small cost; 2c stamp for particulars.
O. A. SMITH, Room 21B, 2010 Knoxville Ave., PEORIA, ILL.

Print Your Own
Cards, circulars, book, newspaper. Press $5, Larger $18. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, type, paper, etc.
THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME
Ventriloquists Double Throat Fits roof of mouth, always invisible, greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Imitate Punch & Judy, neigh like a horse, sing like a canary or imitate any bird or beast of field or forest. LOADS OF FUN. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents, 4 for 25 cents.
DOUBLE THROAT CO. DEPT. 2 FRENCHTOWN, N. J.

VALENTINE POST CARDS FREE
These are the richest, most beautiful postcards ever produced. Send these to your friends—they are bound to please and surprise them. Set of 12, all different, in beautiful colors, free if you will send us 10c to pay for three months' trial of our big monthly Magazine, Woman's World. Send today. Get these cards at once. WOMAN'S WORLD. Dept. R, CHICAGO

FOY'S BIG BOOK, MONEY IN Poultry and Squabs. Tells how to start in small and grow big. Describes largest pure bred Poultry Farm in the world. Tells how to breed and feed, all about diseases and remedies. Illustrates many varieties of land and water fowls. Quotes lowest prices on pure bred fowls, eggs for hatching, incubators and brooders. Mailed for 4cts. F. FOY, Box 16, Des Moines, Iowa

Gold Watch AND RING FREE
An American movement Watch, Solid Gold Plated Case, fully warranted timekeeper, appears equal to Solid Gold Watch Guaranteed 25 Years. Also a Solid Gold Plated Ring set with a sparkling Cisco Gem, are given Free to Boys & Girls or anyone selling 20 Silver Aluminum Thimbles at 10c each, 6 paper Gold-Eye Needles Free with each Thimble. They are easy to sell. Write for them. When sold send us the $2 and we will positively send you the Watch and Ring. Ladies' or Gent's Chain also. Address
HOME SUPPLY CO. Dept. 193 CHICAGO.

Morphine
A Painless home medicine for the Opium, Morphine, or Laudanum habit. Free trial sent on application.
ST. JAMES SOCIETY,
Suite 500, 1181 Broadway, New York.

Why not keep in style? Make your light mustache a rich brown or black. Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE All Druggists sell it. Stylish men use it.

Free! Free!
TO ALL SICK MEN

Our New 76 Page Book Sent Free in Plain Sealed Wrapper to Every Reader Sending Name and Address. This book is very interesting and is full of important truths which every man should know. It tells about Men's Diseases such as Blood Poison, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Nervous and Physical Weakness, Prostatic, Urethral and all other disorders. It gives the symptoms of each, explains our simple method of home treatment and how you can get **One Month's Treatment on Trial** Write today, accept this opportunity to learn the truth about your affliction. Let us prove to you that a cure is possible. Our proposition to send a month's treatment on trial is fair and square and will cost nothing if unsatisfactory. Address,

ONE MONTHS TREATMENT ON TRIAL
THIS GREAT BOOK FREE

DRS. FELLOWS & FELLOWS CO.
650 ROLLINS BLK., DES MOINES, IOWA.

SPORTING GOODS Dice, Cards, etc. Catalog Free M. HILL, Swanton, Ohio

A MAIDEN'S DREAM, Pictures before and after marriage, 26 rich colored post card views, all 10c. Box 619, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

"CONFESSIONS OF AN ACTRESS," a great book. "KIT, THE VARIETY ACTRESS," sure to please. 10c each, both 15c. L. King Co., Andover, O.

Asthma CURE sent by express to you on Free Trial. If it cures send $1; if not, don't. Give express office. National Chemical Company, 736 Ohio Ave., Sidney, O.

12 GAY LOVE LETTERS and rare book with 20 spicy Female Pictures, 10 cts. BOOK CO., Box 619, Providence, R. I.

MAGIC NEEDLES RODS, Goldometers, Chronometers, etc., for treasure seekers. Millions of wealth under your feet. Guaranteed the best made. Interesting booklet for 2 ct. stamp. **FREE** F. & H. AGENCY, 10 ELM ST., PALMYRA, PA.

25 RICH POSTALS 10 CENTS Silver. SILK FINISH Flowers, Rich Colored Roses, Language of Flowers, Butterflies, Pretty Girls, Soldier Boys, Entrancing Love Scenes and rich designs in charming Scenery, Friendship, Birthday and Holiday Greetings. Your name beautifully tinseled in gold. RAY ART CO., DEPT. 403 CHICAGO, ILL.

BEAUTIFUL EASTER POST CARDS FREE
Just send us your name and 10c to pay for three months' trial of our big illustrated Family Magazine, 32 to 48 pages each issue, and we will send you free 12 of the most beautiful Easter Post cards, printed in many beautiful colors, gold back ground—positively the most beautiful, artistic postcards ever produced. These are beautiful remembrance cards to send your friends. Address WOMAN'S WORLD, Dept. 8, CHICAGO

WHITE SLAVE GIRLS OF CHICAGO
CONFESSIONS OF AN ACTRESS
CHICAGO BY NIGHT
HUMAN NATURE OR MEN and WOMEN EXPOSED. Not for sale at bookstores. Get our circular describing them, also 116 page catalog of other curious books, jewelry and novelties for 4c postage. Address **GEM NOVELTY CO.** 161 BROAD ST., PALMYRA, PA.

Gold Watch AND RING FREE
We positively give both a Famous Alton Watch, Stem Wind, beautifully engraved Solid Gold Laid case, American movement, factory tested, guaranteed five years; also a Solid Gold Laid Ring, set with a Congo Gem, sparkling like a $50 diamond, for selling 20 pieces of handsome jewelry at 10c each. Order 20 pieces and when sold send us $2.00 and we will positively send you the watch, ring and chain. ALTON WATCH CO. Dept. 533 Chicago.

RECEIPT THAT CURES MEN SENT FREE
Be Strong and Vigorous—You May
I have a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back brought on by the follies and excesses of youth and manhood that has cured so many thousands of worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. Write me if you need a splendid receipt for private home use. I will send a copy, in a plain, sealed envelope free of charge. A. E. Robinson, 3791 Luck Bldg., Detroit

MEN ONLY!
CACTUS CREAM Cures Debility, Restores Vitality, Banishes Weakness
Renews sprightliness and vigor.
Cactus Cream is an outwardly applied salve. Has only to be gently rubbed in to benefit. *One application positively proves its value. Makes weak men strong and strong men stronger.* This is the original and only Cactus Cream, and is sent to all parts of the world; $1.00 a box. Sealed sample 10c, silver. *"Your money back if it fails to benefit."* C. B. PERRY PRO. CO., Box 153, Station D, NEW YORK CITY. Mail orders to above address. Lynbrook will in future be our laboratory only.

Blood Poison Cured
I know absolutely and unconditionally that THE OBBAC SYSTEM will cure Blood Poison in any stage—no matter if the disease came through infection or heredity.
I mean that **the Obbac medicines** will drive every atom of the **poisonous virus** out of the BLOOD, BRAIN, TISSUES, GLANDS, FLESH, and BONES—that it will leave the body free from the slightest taint of the disease.
I know THE OBBAC SYSTEM does absolutely **cure every case of blood poison**—no matter of how long standing. I know it does not merely remove the external symptoms, but **eliminates the disease** entirely from the system. This I GUARANTEE it will do within four months.
I know the OBBAC medicines are **purely vegetable,** contain **no mercury, potash, arsenic, iodides—no mineral drugs, opiates or narcotics of any kind.** Guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drugs Act, Serial No. 19,201.
I know THE OBBAC SYSTEM is a **safe home treatment**—that it will cure you in the privacy of your own home, without interfering with your business or other duties.
VALUABLE BOOK FREE
"The Truth About It" was written by myself and it contains FACTS—facts that cannot be disputed. Write for a copy today.
Consultation, analysis and advice free.
H. DARWIN McILRATH, Pres.
THE H. M. OBBAC CO., Dept. CL, 1206 Rector Bldg., Chicag

haunted them and sharpened their appetites to a painful degree.

Aunt Fanny thought of the roast chicken and apple dumplings she used to enjoy on the old plantation, and Dora was haunted by visions of a like character which tended to increase their longing for food.

And to add to their unpleasant situation they were beset with fears of a visit from Indians, and as the hours dragged slowly away, they kept a sharp lookout. Higher and higher the sun rose over the plain, and as the hours passed without bringing any sign of Paul, they began to feel alarmed. Noon came, as they could judge by the position of the sun, which was almost directly overhead, and then an object moving across the plain could be seen at some distance. Dora and her companion watched it with eager interest. At first they thought it was a buffalo, which had been cut off from the passing herd, but as it drew nearer they perceived that it was a horse. It was coming at a rapid walk, and straight for the grove.

"Why, it's Paul's horse!" cried Dora, as the animal drew near, and the trailing lariat could be seen. "What good luck! Won't Paul be glad!"

"He will, dat, Lord be praised!" ejaculated the negress, her face aglow. "Dat hawse is comin' back fer water. Reckon he didn't find any out thar on the plains."

The horse struck a trot as he came into the ravine, and going straight to the spring, thrust his nose deeply into the pool and began to drink.

When he had finished drinking, Aunt Fanny fastened the end of the lariat to a small bush close by, and then the two resumed their watch for Paul.

It was now past noon, and the sun had begun its descent adown the western sky. It was near three o'clock when Paul suddenly came over a rise in the prairie and walked rapidly toward the grove. A single glance showed the watchers that the young hunter had been successful, and they both ran to meet him, and insisted on relieving him of a part of his burden.

"What in the world have you got in the sack?" asked Dora in amazement.

"Oh, I have been to market and got a few extras," smiled Paul. "But I'm too hungry just now to explain."

"We are literally starving," replied Dora, "and you don't know how glad we are that you got something for supper. Is it an antelope?"

"Yes; I had a pretty hard experience bagging it, but I was successful and here I am, as hungry as a wolf."

They soon reached the grove, and in a very short time Paul had kindled a fire while Dora and Aunt Fanny were exploring the mysterious sack with exclamations of astonishment.

"Bless de Lord, heah is some coffee!" cried Aunt Fanny, "an' some sugah an' a strip of bacon an' a skillet! An' bless me, heah is some flouah! Whar did you git all dem things, Massah Paul? 'Deed it seems like witchery!"

Paul explained, and added, "There is more left, and I shall return and bring it early in the morning. Meantime, we can barbecue the antelope meat so that it will keep."

Dora and Aunt Fanny fell to work with a will, and while the negress rolled some of the flour into thick dough and baked it in the skillet, Dora assisted Paul in broiling some of the antelope steak, and in a short time they had spread, what they were unanimous in declaring, to be a feast fit for the gods.

That they all did ample justice to it goes without saying, and when they had finished eating they felt much refreshed, and their hopes rose in a corresponding degree.

Paul was overjoyed to learn that his horse had returned, and they began to lay plans for their journey down the creek.

Meantime, Aunt Fanny was busy over the fire, roasting the coffee Paul had brought, as they were so hungry they couldn't wait for this to be done before eating.

"But we'll hab a good cup of coffee 'fore night," she said, "an' I reckon it will meck us feel like we was in a civilized country ag'in."

They remained at the grove that night, and the next morning Paul returned to the abandoned wagon and brought the remainder of the provisions. They had planned to leave the grove that night, but on considering the matter they decided to wait till morning and get an early start.

At the first break of day the next morning they were up, and after eating a hasty breakfast, they packed their effects on the horse and set out on their dangerous journey to the West.

This capital story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming year many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It only costs you $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

That Scottish Dialect.

An old Peebles worthy and an English lady were one day recently occupants of a railway carriage in an Edinburgh-bound train. The train had been waiting long at a certain station, and there was no appearance of its starting, when the worthy remarked:

"They're a gey taiglesome lot here."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the lady.

"I'm sayin' they're an awful daidin squad here," said the old fellow.

"I really beg your pardon, sir," she rejoined.

"I'm remarkin' they're a vera dreich here the nicht," the old gentleman further ventured.

"Really, I must again beg your pardon," said the lady, with marked embarrassment, "but I do not comprehend you."

"I was just tryin' to say that the train was late," he finally blurted.

"Indeed, sir, it is very late," agreed the lady.

And the conversation collapsed.

The world is wide, but there are lots of narrow minded people in it.

Horace Whitlock's Sister.

(Continued from page eleven.)

of all things which could hide the package; but I went through the aimless form of searching every nook and corner, even to ripping up the paper laid on the bottom of the shelf.

"The package is gone!" I murmured feebly.

"Yes, senor, so we discovered when we went to get it to bribe Yetto. That placed us in a peculiar position, and enraged Yetto. I think that some explanation is due us."

"And you accuse me of taking it?" I demanded hotly.

The man shrugged his shoulders with irritating conclusiveness.

"It was here when I left the building," I said angrily.

Then watching the incredulous smile on Belmont's face, I broke out harshly:

"Any one who could stoop to bargain with a man of Yetto's type against the wishes of his friends could easily——"

Belmont's eyes blazed with sudden fury.

"Senor, I wouldn't finish. Such words cannot go unpunished in this country. If we were not in a trap here I'd demand satisfaction at once. As it is, I suppose, I shall have to wait a more suitable season."

I glanced at the white face back of Belmont, and my anger suddenly slipped from me. The inexplicable loss of the money had momentarily excited both of us so that we had forgotten our duty. I recovered myself with an effort, and replied quietly:

"We must not let our private differences come between us at present. We have other work to do, and we must stand together."

"I agree with you, senor. Now that our last chance of purchasing liberty has flown we must face the inevitable."

"There never was a chance," I retorted. "He was only after the money, and cared not for our safety. The boat which he had ready for use is provisioned for only one or two, and at any rate is not large enough to carry more than that number across this gulf. I have seen it, and saw Yetto in it."

Belmont elevated his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders in evident doubt, but I continued, turning to Miss Whitlock:

"I met Miletto, Miss Whitlock, and she warned me not to trust Yetto. She said he was a treacherous scoundrel, and would stop at nothing."

"You saw Miletto? And she said that to you? Oh, I am so glad! I knew she was loyal to me and wished me no harm."

"She wished only for your happiness and safety. Miletto, we can trust, and if there is any way she can serve us I think we can depend upon her."

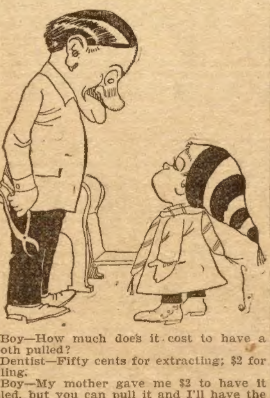
"Poor soul! I am afraid there is little she can do."

"Yes, but even an old woman may sometimes prove a valuable ally in the enemy's camp."

Belmont listened with a scowl, but made no remark as this little conversation helped to fortify my position and to throw discredit upon his plan to use Yetto as a tool. Whitlock who had stood in the background appeared to side with neither, but held his decision in abeyance.

The continuation of this thrilling story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming months.

Economy.



Boy—How much does it cost to have a tooth pulled?

Dentist—Fifty cents for extracting; $2 for filling.

Boy—My mother gave me $2 to have it filled, but you can pull it and I'll have the change for myself.

Every Lady Read This.
Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhœa, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple, harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. A. Hudnut South Bend, Indiana.

Texas News.

Texas Man (on a visit East)—Hello, Jake! Glad t' see ye. When d'ye leave Texas?

Jake—Las' week.

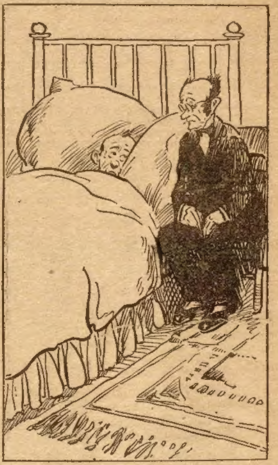
Texas Man—When I left there was two claimants for the office of mayor in our town. Is th' question settled yit?

Jake—Yep.

Texas Man—W'ich one is dead?

How many people do you know—including yourself—who can repeat the ten commandments?

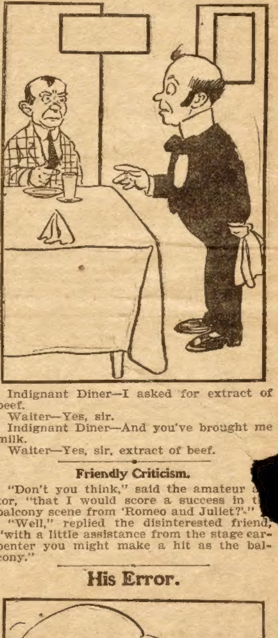
Giving Doctor Credit.



Doctor—You have only a few moments to live. Have you anything to say?

Patient—Only this, doctor—that you've made a mighty quick job of it!

Both the Same.



Indignant Diner—I asked for extract of beef.

Waiter—Yes, sir.

Indignant Diner—And you've brought me milk.

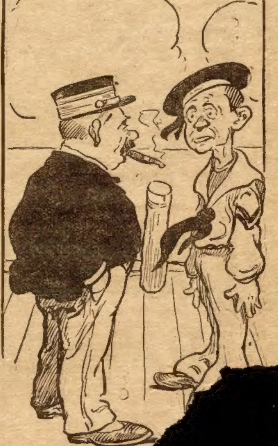
Waiter—Yes, sir, extract of beef.

Friendly Criticism.

"Don't you think," said the amateur tor, "that I would score a success in t balcony scene from 'Romeo and Juliet?'"

"Well," replied the disinterested friend, "with a little assistance from the stage carpenter you might make a hit as the balcony."

His Error.



"I am very sorry
that your wife left y
"My mistake, si
and she proved t

The Collector's Visits.

Jimmie—My ma's gone downtown to pay some bills.

Tommie—Pooh! The man comes to the house to collect ours.

The Unassuming Man.

Wife—You are positively the most conceited man I ever met.

Hub—I conceited! Woman, there's not a conceited bone in my body. Why, another man with the same abilities would be absolutely carried away with pride.

There are times when it is better to get a move on yourself than to stand firm.

True to Life.

Thespis—Was the banquet scene a success?

Ranter—Yes; the audience supplied us with real eggs and vegetables.

Vitæ-Ore

DO YOU KNOW IT?

Do you know what Vitæ-Ore looks like, what it tastes like, what it does? Do you know that you can get a full-sized $1.00 package of Vitæ-Ore to try for thirty days, to see what it is, to see what it does, without paying a penny. Do you know that hundreds of the readers of this paper have tried it and are using it? Do you know that many of your own neighbors have tested it and "swear by it?" Do you know that Vitæ-Ore has been curing sick and ailing men and women of all kinds of diseases for over twenty-five years and is doing it every day of the week? If you don't know all this, we want you to know it. That is why we pay a lot of money to print this big advertisement in this paper, so YOU WILL KNOW IT, so you will get to know Vitæ-Ore itself, so you will profit by its use, as have thousands.

Try It At Our Risk!

We want you to get a full-sized One Dollar package, on thirty-days' trial. All you need to do is to write us a few words—three short words will do. Just say "I WANT IT" and the full-sized package of Vitæ-Ore will be sent to you, enough to last you for one month's time, with everything prepaid, and you need not pay one single penny if it does not benefit you—not one cent. If you do not care to write a letter, just fill out and send us the coupon printed near the bottom of this page. All we want to know is that you will try Vitæ-Ore, that you will give it a test as many of your friends and neighbors have done, and we will be glad to send it to you. Don't send us any money, for we want no money until you have tried it, until you are satisfied with the good work it does for the sick. Read our thirty-day trial offer, read what Vitæ-Ore is, read what it has done for others and send for it today. Don't delay a moment, for you may lose this advertisement or forget our address. Do it now! Send today and give Vitae-Ore a chance to cure you.

READ WHAT VITAE-ORE IS.

Vitæ-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitæ-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral substance, mixed with water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

(For Both Internal and External Use.)

Was Nothing But Skin and Bones.

NEEDMORE, N. CAR.—I was taken sick with a Cold two years ago and had some kind of a wheeze at the pit of my stomach. I thought perhaps I was going to have Consumption; I never was so sick before in my life. I tried everything and finally was examined by the best Doctors. Some told me I had Stomach Trouble, then Asthma; I thought my time was short. Every Spring and Fall I would have these attacks. My husband paid out over $100.00 for different medicines. I felt as though I was nothing but skin and bones. I could not even carry a pail of water or stoop to put wood in the stove. My husband had to assist me wherever I walked, I was so very weak. Then I was taken sick with La Grippe and Bronchitis, and all thought I was going to die. I saw the Vitæ-Ore advertisement and my husband wrote for it. When it came I stopped all my doctor medicine. The second dose of Vitæ-Ore made me so hungry I had to eat between meals. My appetite continued to get better and I could eat meat, onions and corn bread. Before taking Vitæ-Ore I only weighed 107 pounds; since taking it I gained 25 pounds. Everybody is surprised to see me so stout and strong and I am better than I have been in the last two years. I work in the garden, milk my cow and do other chores.

MRS. A. H. WELCH.

Suffered Terribly With Kidneys.

Passed Large Kidney Stones, Had Palpitation of the Heart and Was Always Tired.

EDDY, TEX.—Vitæ-Ore has proven to be a wonderful medicine for me. I was terribly bothered with my Kidneys and had tried different kinds of medicine until I had decided that none of them would do me any good. There is no telling how many stones I passed; the last one was mighty large and Oh! so painful. No one can realize what I suffered but those who have had this kind of Kidney trouble. I also had Palpitation of the Heart and could not sleep on my left side at all. It seemed like my heart would jump out through my side. I was always tired and could not do anything I wanted to do.

I saw the Vitæ-Ore ad, like a drowning man catches at a straw, and when I read "We leave it to you to judge," I thought it was good enough for me, and wrote for a package. I had used it but a short time when I could tell a difference and when the month was up I sent for more. The second week after I commenced it I got back to doing some of my work and honestly believe that I walked twenty-five miles a day for a week, felt all right and slept well at night. Now I cannot praise Vitæ-Ore too much, for it has been a God-send to me. I feel almost like a new man, better than for four years past. I eat well, do my work and sleep on my left side.

W. T. CURRY.

CURED OF INDIGESTION.

BRIMSON, GA.—I was sick with Indigestion for five years, not able to do anything but sit and wish for death's relief. I had three of the best doctors, but all shook their heads and said I had it so bad that Heart Trouble had taken hold. I tried Vitæ-Ore and in five days I could eat anything and have been in good health ever since. One package cured me two years ago and I have not spent one cent on doctors since.

MRS. TULA COWART.

This is Our 30-Day Trial Offer!

If You Are Sick we want to send you a full-sized $1.00 package of Vitæ-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a word from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us $1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than $1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what Vitæ-Ore is, and write today for a

$1.00 Package On Trial.

HEALTH IS WORTH TRYING FOR!

It is worth writing for. It is worth getting out pen, ink, paper and envelope, and writing a short letter or just the coupon. That is all it takes. Just a word asking for it, just your promise to use it. What excuse have you to keep on suffering? How can you continue to look your family in the face and say: "I feel so sick today" or "My back aches" or "That Rheumatic leg is getting worse" or "My stomach is bothering me again," when here, right at your elbow, right within your reach, **ready and waiting for you to turn and get it,** is the remedy that has set thousands right, yours for the mere asking.

WRITE FOR IT TODAY!

Rheumatism Cured at 80 Years.

MENOMINEE, MICH.—About six years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism in my shoulder, which caused me considerable pain in my neck, and my arms were badly swollen even to the ends of my fingers. The pain passed to my other shoulder, and I suffered so terribly I could hardly turn over in bed and could not put on my clothes without great difficulty. The Vitæ-Ore advertisement attracted my attention four years ago and I decided to give it a trial. Before I had used an entire package I felt much improved, but to make the cure entirely sure I used another package. Vitæ-Ore cured me, even though I was 80 years old. I recommend Vitæ-Ore with pleasure and think it is the greatest preventive of sickness and disease. It would be a great blessing if everybody would give it a trial. I know it has helped me wonderfully; gave me an appetite, vigor and strength. I am now 84 years old, feel well and enjoy working every day. People say it is wonderful at my age and I give the credit to Vitæ-Ore.

O. F. BUELL.

Use This Coupon

If You Do Not Wish to Write a Letter.

THEO. NOEL CO., Vitae-Ore Bldg., CHICAGO.

Gentlemen:—I have read your advertisement in *THE CHICAGO LEDGER* and want you to send me a full-sized One Dollar package of Vitae-Ore for me to try. I agree to pay $1.00 if it benefits me, but will not pay a penny if it does not. I am to be the judge. The following is my address, to which the trial treatment is to be sent by mail, postpaid:

NAME ____________________

TOWN ____________________

STATE ____________________

Street or Rural Route ____________________

Read The Above Testimony.

Read it again and again. No weightier words have ever been written about any other medicine; no stronger expressions are truthfully commanded by any other treatment. Vitæ-Ore is as different from ordinary remedies as is pure milk from chalk and water, or the sunlight from a tallow candle. It does not take FAITH, does not take CONFIDENCE, does not take BELIEF to make a cure with Vitæ-Ore. But it does need a TRIAL, which is all we ask. THIS MEDICINE ENTERS THE VEINS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING PERSON AND CURES whether the sufferer believes in it or not. Its substances enter the blood, the vital organs, and WORK, WORK, WORK—a work that cures. WE DO NOT CARE if you are skeptical, we care not if you have no confidence, it makes no difference to us if you give no credence or belief, it matters not even if you lack hope. We ask only for your personal investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a $1.00 package on trial. If you need it, if you are suffering, wasting away day by day, for lack of that help and health which it may bring to you, send for it today! It will not cost you one single penny if Vitæ-Ore does not help you. YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE!

Pay No Money Unless It Benefits!

YOU SUFFER FROM **Rheumatism, or any Kidney, Bladder or Liver Disease, Dropsy, a Stomach Disorder, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of Any Part, Nervous Prostration, a, Sores and Ulcers, Constipation or Other Bowel Trouble, Impure Blood, or are just Worn-Out, send for a 30-day trial treatment re right away and see what this remedy will do for you. ADDRESS US AS BELOW.**

O. NOEL CO., C. L. Dept. Vitae-Ore Bldg. CHICAGO, ILL.

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

MARY'S LAMB UP TO DATE.

If Mary's little lamb, my dears,
  Had lived in nineteen eight,
The little, fleeting, woolly thing
  Would have met a better fate.

For if it followed her to school,
  The teacher kind would say:
"Why, Mary, dear, I'm glad he's here,
  I think we'll let him stay."

The children all would gather round,
  Discussing every feature;
As though a treasure they had found,
  They'd talk about the creature.

They'd draw a picture of it, too,
  'Twould really do them credit,
And then a story each would write,
  'Twould please you if you read it.

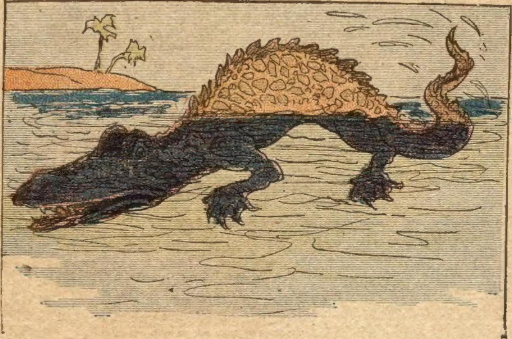
The lamb would be allowed to roam
  Around the room at pleasure,
And when at noon it trotted home,
  Its joys would know no measure.

I'm glad that time a change has wrought
  Regarding education,
Now children's minds are used for thought,
  Their eyes for observation.

How She Was Rescued.

The drum-major of a German regiment recently showed that he does not lose his head in an emergency. The scene of the adventure was a field, but not a battlefield; and the enemy was not a soldier, but a bull. The regiment was on the march from one station to another, and had halted on a country road to rest. Suddenly the men heard the terrified cries of a child, and looking in the direction from which they came, they saw a little girl running for her life from a maddened bull. The animal was tearing along with lowered horns, and was so close to the girl that rescue by interference, or even by shooting the bull, seemed impossible. Just as the men had given up the child for lost, the drum-major shouted to the buglers, who stood nearby with their instruments in their hands, to blow a loud blast. Not realizing what he meant, but obeying mechanically, they blew a blast that would have waked the dead. The moment the bull heard the sound, he stopped and looked in surprise at the men, and then raised his head and bellowed with all his might. Meanwhile several of the men had reached the child, and when the bull had recovered from his astonishment at the unusual noise, she was in a place of safety. Thus, by an inspiration born of a cool head, the drum-major saved a child's life.

MISFORTUNE.



Alligator—Great reptiles! I've gone and swallowed a cork leg and now I can't sink to the bottom!

Capturing Monkeys.

A famous animal-dealer has been telling recently how wild animals are captured for his great establishment at Hamburg. Monkeys, he says, are captured by wholesale in the Soudan by a simple device. First, all the drinking places in a given region are covered with thorny bushes except one. In this way the monkeys are concentrated, when thirsty, at one spot. Corn is strewn on the ground near this drinking place, and after the monkeys have grown partial to that spot, an enormous cage, similar to the thatched huts used by the native Soudanese, is carried to it in the dead of night. One side of the cage is propped up on a stake. The daily allowance of corn is then strewn inside the cage. This is repeated for several days, until the monkeys have no hesitation in entering the cage. Then, at night, a long cord is attached to the stake. The cord is covered with the desert sand, and extends to the hiding-place of the hunters. Presently a troop of monkeys appears, confidently enters the cage, and begins to eat the corn there. The hunters then pull the cord, the stake falls, and the monkeys are prisoners. Natives force them to the ground by means of long sticks, enter the cage and bind the prisoners, and then take them to the place of shipment. There is no cruelty in this method, except the mere act of making the monkeys prisoners.

A Horseshoe for Luck.

Many superstitions have been traced, with some definiteness, to their origin, but that about the horseshoe has not. It has been traced back to about 1650, but there the antiquarians had to give it up. At that time, most of the houses in the West End of London had a horseshoe nailed over the door as a protection against witches and evil spirits. It was believed that a witch could not enter a house so protected. Many houses in this country have a horseshoe attached to them in some way, and sailors, who are nearly all superstitious, nail the shoes up in their ships for "luck." Out of this old superstition grew the notion that is it "lucky" to find an old horseshoe, and it is said that the more nails there are in the shoe when you pick it up, the more luck you will have.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

"Freddie," said the visitor, "I hear your father gave you a watch on your birthday. Was it a hunting-case watch?"

"No, ma'am," replied Freddie; "it was a bare-faced watch."

—

When little 3-year-old Lola was learning to form sentences her mother planned a trip with her on the railroad and spoke of taking a sleeper.

"No, no, mamma!" protested Lola. "Not a sleeper. Let's go in a waker."

—

It was the day after Thanksgiving.

"Well, Elmer," said the minister, "did you have a nice time yesterday?"

"Not very," replied the incorrigible youngster. "I wasn't half as sick as I was last year."

—

Johnny—Mamma, I wish our family belonged to the Salvation Army!

Mamma—Why?

Johnny—Because if we did I could beat the drum when I go to Sunday school!

A Queer Origin.

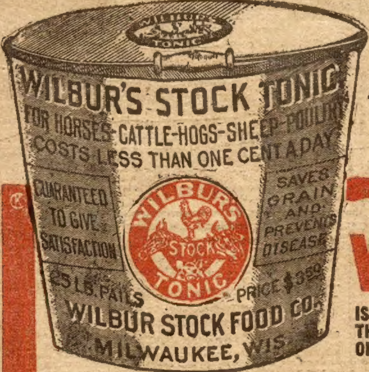
It is interesting, and sometimes amusing, to trace the origin of words. There is the word "pecuniary," for example, which, you know, means relating to money. Strange to say, its original meaning was "cattle." It seems that oxen were the medium of exchange between the ancient Romans, one ox being the unit of value. The first Roman coins bore the image of an ox, and the word "pecus" meant an ox or a coin, according to how you used it.

Many Fishes in One.

It is said that the starfish has a unique way of escaping from a net when it is caught; it falls apart, into a dozen fragments, and these fragments slide through the meshes. But the strangest part of it is that each of the fragments becomes, in time, a perfect fish. The only way to preserve a starfish is to plunge it into fresh water soon after it is taken; that kills it instantly.

All Looked Out For.

Edward prayed one night: "Dear God, take care of my mamma way off in Europe, an' do not let her be in a smashup. Send your angels to take care of her and send Jesus to take care of papa in Cleveland, but you stay here with me!"


WILBUR'S STOCK TONIC
WILBUR'S STOCK TONIC
FOR HORSES-CATTLE-HOGS-SHEEP-POULTRY
COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A DAY
GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION
SAVES GRAIN AND PREVENTS DISEASE
WILBURS STOCK TONIC
25 LB. PAILS
PRICE $3.50
WILBUR STOCK FOOD CO.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

$3.50 PAIL FREE

TO PROVE BEYOND ALL DOUBT TO EVERY INTELLIGENT STOCK RAISER THAT

WILBUR'S STOCK TONIC

IS THE WORLD'S GREATEST CONDITIONER AND FEED SAVER WE WILL ACTUALLY GIVE THIS 25 LB. PAIL ABSOLUTELY FREE WHERE WE HAVE NO AGENT TO EVERY READER OF THIS PAPER WHO FILLS OUT AND MAILS TO US THE COUPON SHOWN BELOW.

WHAT WILBUR'S STOCK TONIC IS

NEARLY a quarter of a century's actual experience has proven beyond all doubt that Wilbur's Tonic is a money-maker for feeders. We KNOW THIS. It has been PROVEN to us thousands upon thousands of times in the most forceful manner. We want to convince YOU and are willing to do it AT OUR OWN RISK.

You know the value of pasture for any kind of stock; how it keeps the animals in good condition—nature's own way of doing it. There is no argument about the value of the pasture, but it does not last the year 'round. We prepare a tonic which, mixed with grain and fed to stock, furnishes in stall or feed box in the proper proportions, the ingredients of pasture diet, invigorates and fattens stock at small enough cost to make the tonic a money-making investment for the owner of one cow, horse, hog or sheep, and a proportionately larger one for the owner of thousands of head.

FOR COWS

You know when the pasturage goes down in the fall, the milk goes, the butter goes, the flavor goes, until all are shortest when the price is highest. Wilbur's Tonic invigorates cows; it supplies the needed roots, barks and leaves of the pasture, sustains the flow of milk, and color, quantity and flavor of the butter. Take a cow right off the pasture, feed her Wilbur's Tonic in the stall and she will show very little loss of milk, and one cent's worth of Tonic per day saves one dollar's worth of grain per month.

FOR HORSES

Wilbur's Tonic builds up run down horses, prevents colic and keeps them in good appetite. It keeps the bowels loose, water clear, blood cool and in a healthy condition. They are always ready for work—Wilbur's Tonic makes them relish their food, keeps the hair smooth and sleek and prevents that rough looking coat. It is a pure vegetable food, positively prevents disease and makes horses strong, large and full of life. Wilbur's Tonic should be fed to mares while they are suckling the colt and mixed with the colt's grain while weaning. It will prevent scour and keep them healthy and growing. Stallions should be fed Wilbur's Stock Tonic during standing season every day. When out of the standing season feed Wilbur's Tonic two or three times a week to keep them regular and healthy.

FOR HOGS

Hogs, you know, are the most susceptible animals to contagious disease. But, you know, too, if they escape contagion they are kept cheaper than any other stock. If you keep your hogs healthy they can resist contagion, will fatten quickly and cheaply. If they get sick and refuse to eat you know how quickly they will die. Nothing will save them; medicine is useless. To keep them healthy you must feed them something they will eat, and something that will satisfy the demands of their systems. We believe that there is only one thing in the world that will do this and that is Wilbur's Tonic.

FOR POULTRY

Wilbur's Stock Tonic is an egg and a fat maker which will not only force more profit from the poultry yard but will also prevent disease and save birds. It is a sure preventive for cholera, gapes, pip, roup, indigestion, diarrhoea, apoplexy and all poultry diseases. For little chicks it has no equal and produces large, heavy birds.

PREVENTS ABORTION

By counteracting colds and soothing the nerves while the mother is in a delicate condition, Wilbur's Stock Tonic PREVENTS ABORTION and saves for the breeder at least one-half more of his increase. Wilbur's Stock Tonic fed in small quantities to calves and all young animals will make them grow large, strong and fat.

REFERENCE

25 years of success in business. Any bank in America. Any Mercantile Agency in America. Any Agricultural Paper in America.

HOW TO GET THE PAIL FREE
FILL OUT THE COUPON AND MAIL TO US TODAY
WRITE NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY
CUT ALONG THIS LINE

WILBUR STOCK FOOD CO., 476 Huron St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Gentlemen:—Please send me the 25-lb. pail of Wilbur's Stock Tonic absolutely free.
Name.......................................
P. O.......................................State.......
Freight Office.......................................
Kindly answer this question:

WILBUR STOCK FOOD CO. 476 HURON ST. MILWAUKEE, WIS.